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BY

T. UNDERWOOD,

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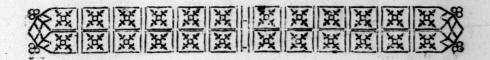
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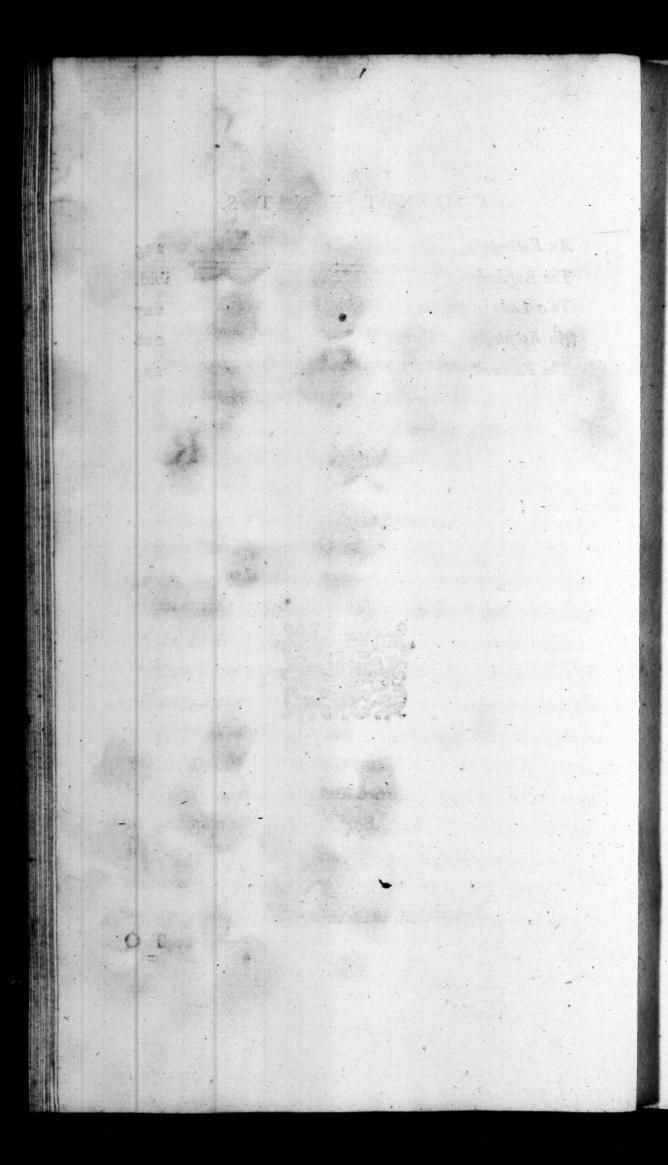
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TO THE

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READER.

well on any genteel Company with a very

In order to illustrate the Occasion of this his first Essay in Print, the Author thinks it proper to lay before his Reader, an Advertisement which made its Appearance in the Gazetteer, upon the 25th of November, 1766,---to which (at the Request of a Friend of his) he would have returned the Answer which immediately follows it, but was refused the Insertion of it, by the Gazetteer Printer in particular, and a very churlish Message returned him with the three Shillings sent with it. The Author thinks it but consistent to add, that the first eight Lines were wrote for private Perusal only; but sinding, upon farther Application to get his Advertisement inserted, that there was no

Propositi

opposing the connected Sway of the despotic Printers; he then determined upon this Publication.--- The Address of the 25th of November was, verbatim, as follows.

"To the Curious, particularly the Ladies. A young married Gentleman, labouring under some Difficulties, and willing to maintain his Family by his own Industry, rather than depend too much on his Friends, having a few vacant Hours in the Week, is willing to wait on any genteel Company with a very Curious Electrical Machine, and exhibit many surprizing Experiments therewith; besides many others, if required, in natural Philosophy.---As he is a Person of great Reputation, inviolable Secrecy is required; and this Advertisement is only meant to Persons of Honour.---The Advertiser will leave it entirely to their Generosity, to reward according to Satisfaction. Please to send a Line to the Piazza Coffee-House, Covent-Garden, directed for A. P. and will be punctually attended to."

The intended Answer to the above (as from a Lady) is exactly as follows.

e returned hun with the three Shi

"A young Lady (of a most experimental Turn of Mind) captivated with the amazing Ingenuity of the Proposals

Proposals, from the Gentleman A. P. who addressed the Ladies in particular, touching his curious Electrical Machine, finds herself so ideally prepossessed in Favour of his Art, that nothing but an actual Proof of his natural Philosophy, can possibly to Satisfaction convince her.—An early Display of his sublime Talent is required, by his immediate Attendance upon Seigniora Inamorata, at the Jupiter and Læda, in the Grove of Sweets."

The Author now submits his trisling Performance to the Candour of his Reader, and leaves it entirely to his impartial Opinion, whether his designed Advertisement is or is not more exceptionable, than that first of all admitted into the *impartial boasting Gazetteer*.



TO the REAL DEST.

Proposite, from the Genderson J. R. who address the Andrew Edwig the Conform particular, touch by the curious Edwig of Madient final Medical States of Madient Conformation and States and

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THE

SNARLERS.

GODS! how I laugh to fee fuch letter'd Elves,
Big with the vast Importance of Themselves,
Insert, reject, and with despotic Sway,
Retail such paltry Stuff from Day to Day;
But should some smart-wrote Pleasantry of Whim,
Ask their Acceptance,— "No, it shan't be in."
Justice demands the Charge must singly lay,
You'd wish to have a Snarler's Name, 'tis S*y.

HERE, had I paus'd, nor all unfit to fail,
Ventur'd from Shore, without poetic Gale,
My ill-trim'd Bark,—but then this haughty Throng,
Of News-compiling Things, had stopp'd my Tongue,

B 3

Doom'd

Doom'd me to Silence, mock'd at my Chagrin,
'And triumph'd o'er my Reason and my Spleen;
Forbid it Heav'n---avert it manly Pride,
Forbid it Reason, warring on my Side;
That e'er such service Fetters should impose
Such base, such abject Terms;---hence slavish Dose;
Up rouze my Strength to crush these venal Foes;
Who boast impartial Service to the Town;
But mark them well---they only mean their own;
Their Self-respecting Interest is in View,
And if it profit them, they'll pleasure you;
If not contemn'd by their connected Rule,
Oblivion's Rust shall eat the forward Fool.

Peace to such Upstarts, who's dull leaden Brain,
A Dawn of Sense ne'er grac'd, who proudly vain
Of their high letter'd Office, daily sit,
And tho' devoid of Sense---yet judge of Wit;
Dealing with nice Sagacity their Blows,
'Gainst would-be Friends, encouraging their Foes:
And as a further Proof of Head and Heart,
Exposing in their daily Trash such Art,
Such rotten Art, of some base factious Pen,
'To puff vile Measures, and still viler Men.

But what of this? They for their Country's Cause,
Can seel no real Grief, nor heed her Laws.
Tho' trampl'd on by mercenary Slaves,
Who for depending Bread, extol State Knaves;
And sawning upon Fawners, what they send,
With most insatiate Gust, such Stuff befriend,
As the cloy'd Press (tho' Surfeits daily spring)
Would vomit forth, nor suffer to take Wing.

Nay, further yet,---what Shame it is to see,
Rais'd thus on high, the Flag of Insamy;
Peruse a recent Advertiser*, there
A witling Printer's Judgment will appear;
Mark, how he hangs up Majesty---you'd swear,
The mad-cap Wilkes return'd to Scandal's Chair;
See how he glotes upon his royal Fun,
And hopes to lull our Reason with a Pun;
Avaunt dull Sophister, I see thy Art,
Thy Scrap-compiling Wit---but doubt thy Heart;
Learn what Respect to Majesty is due,
The Bow is bent, the Shaft may wing to you;
Honour thy King---nor let a Subject dare
Presume to censure, what 'tis his to fear.

Orik

Discrete of National Burns of the

^{*} Public, Dec. 10, 1766.

Our glorious charter'd Liberty I fee,
And boast an equal Birthright to be free;
England's my native Land, I love the Spot;
(May it long flourish when I'm quite forgot)
But tho' our Liberty I dearly rate,
Licentious Freedoms, are my deadly Hate;
What Plea, because our wholesome Laws provide
The Subject Refuge 'gainst despotic Pride?
That with gigantic Stalk, in Mid-day Sun,
Scandal should lord it, under Mask of Fun;
And trampling upon regal Pow'r and State.
Not spare the Greatest, e'en amongst the Great.

"So great, so good, so excellent in Mind, Search the World o'er, his Equal where to find; Watching his People, with a Father's Care, Loving, belov'd, thro' Gratitude, not Fear.---And yet, (Gods, what Apostacy of Heart!) Some vile Detractors---in the snarling Art, Dare e'en his sacred Character defame, And damn themselves to everlasting Shame."

Too many Characters of putrid note,
(A very Shock to Nature but to quote,)

Are here dispers'd about this bustling town,
For like the cormorant Sea, here All go down;
Such Men there are, whose vile abandon'd Ways,
Furnish sit Fuel for a Satire's Blaze;--Some too I've shrewdly noted, but 'bove all,
A certain One---whom we will Hircus call.

To human Nature what a paufe-to fee, Grey Hairs dishonour'd with such Infamy; Committing in the Face of Mid-day Sun, Such flagrant Actions, as the Night would shun; Living a daily Lye to Gospel Truth, Immers'd in Vice e'en from his earliest Youth; And to Religion what a publick Scorn! The Wretch a Parson's made !- nay, hunts the Lawn; Impious, and vain, lur'd by his Patron's bait, He fondly hopes to gain a Mitr'd State;---Right, prudent Sir, a Mitre would do well, To veil the Sins of fuch an Infidel; Difcard thy Punk---take my Advice---'tis true I'm young (thank Heav'n) but not so black as you; Throw off thy Trull ... Gods! how I blush to meet Your caffock'd Sirship, rumbling in the Street;

When

When by your Side, to taint the ambient Air, Sets Pluto's footy Dame---thy peerless Fair! For Shame, give o'er this execrable Life, Hie to your Country-mind your lawful Wife; For tho' I mayn't to Ireland (that's your Fear) The Winds must wast it to the injur'd there. How most consistent with thy Age and Gown, You've fojourn'd here, a Pest to Half the Town; ---And can it be, that fuch a Wretch, fo bold, So refolute in Guilt, should ever hold A Mitr'd Sceptre in his venal Hand, Not to amend---but poison more the Land? Heaven fure shall wink, fair Justice fall asleep, And Nature fick'ning at a Wound fo deep, Shall first give up the Ghost, e'er such a Deed, (By which Religion will be fure to bleed) Can be effected---fooner the Almighty Pow'r, Avenging Crimes like his, contract his Hour; Sweep him from Earth, like Chaff before the Wind, And (but a rotten Name) "leave not a Wreck behind." ---Well keen-ey'd Satire, how does Hircus bear His Wounds expos'd by Truth's all-probing Air? Does he feel deeply? Will he yet repent, And purge his Crimes by keeping strictest Lent?-

Sooner

Sooner shall Fishes leave their native Main,
To graze with Cattle on the verdant Plain;
Rather shall Wolves their savage Nature quit,
And Printers learn to judge of sterling Wit;
With prudent and respectful Caution keep,
A decent Course 'twixt Shallow and the Deep;
Sooner shall Royalty restrain the Pen
Of such licentious, Power-defying Men;
Fire and Water sooner shall agree,
Than Hircus ever join in Amity,
With Virtue's Call,---such callous Souls defy,
Impending Vengance from an angry Sky.

Gods! what an Age, how profligate and base,
Branding our very Nature with Disgrace;
All mutual Ties of Friendship are dissolved,
And Man (such is the present vicious World)
No longer trusts his Brother Man, but preys
Like the fell Monsters of the desart Ways,
Each on the other's Property, or Fame,
And damns alike his Reason, with his Name.
Self is the reigning Principal confest,
Which rages with such Fury in the Breast;

16

The dearest Ties of Nature bind no more, Father 'gainst Son exerts a hostile Pow'r; The Son rebels against the Father's Sway, And with an impious Rage, tho' bound to obey, By all the tender, the endearing Right, Which instinct Nature e'en in Brutes excite; Yet He more favage than the brutal Race. Can all parental Homage fo debase, And bring his ali'nated Mind to dare, His Author's Being to an open War. From this degen'rate Source arise the Woes Of Party-feuds, Britain's intestine Foes. Oh, my poor Country! tho' a transient Peace, Has hush'd the Nations, --- still thy Griefs increase; The present Calm but mars thy glorious Fame, And heaps Difgrace upon thy honour'd Name; Better had Mars continu'd in Array, And left the Issue to a future Day; Better had France ally'd with factious Spain, Brav'd thy Refentment still, by Land and Main; More to thy Credit, England, more thy Boaft, Had even France, with an invading Host, O'er-run thy Borders, with a fell Intent, To add a Province of fuch rich Extent,

As Britain's Crown, to the despotic Sway, Of a French King, whose Motto is "Obey."-The loyal Subjects of thy George's Throne Had foon repell'd, and drove th' Invaders home. But now, alas! when the fweet Balm of Peace Should spread its genial Influence, and encrease Our public Stock of Happinels, behold (Curse to the venal Thirst of Pow'r and Gold) Like a poor Matron, butcher'd by her Sons, Our Country bleeds, from base internal Wounds; The Rage of Party stabs her to the Core, And Streams of Blood gush out at every Pore; Discord, and personal Abuse, employ The Hours of Counsel with malicious Joy: When in the Senate, for the public Weal, All Hearts should glow with patriotic Zeal; When with Catonic Energy of Mind, Thought should be nerv'd with Sentiment refin'd; A stupid Paufe, with Vacancy of Face, Destroys the wounded Lustre of the Place; 'Till forne invidious Party-foaming Elf, Rifes---attempts---a Something for Himfelf; His fault'ring Tongue betrays a venal Heart, If, by Mistake, he stumbles on a Part;

dolo 11

Which hints the public Good should be his Aim,

(Despising ev'ry other Road to Fame)

At this he starts—then to Abuse descends,

Drawcansir-like, attacking Foes and Friends;

With Self-promoting Interest in View,

He mangles all Respect, and Honour too;

Sets the whole House into a Party Roar,

Neglect ensues—and Times are—as before.

Lake a poor Marron, butcher I by aler Sons.

Gons! what a fecret Triumph this must bring,
To haughty Lewis, and his Spanish King,
To hear tumultuous Jars distract our State,
And that our Great combine against the Great;
Warring (with State-crast Interest at their Head)
Against our Peace, as if for daily Bread;
But all are not Apostates to the Cause;
No, some remain still careful of our Laws;
Still watchful for their Country's best Support,
Untainted with the baneful Pow'r of Court;
Who's Virtues, merit far superior Praise,
Than I can offer in my humble Lays.

O, ye brave Few, who love your Country's Health Superior (as ye ought) to worldly Wealth;

Kifes---andapowk-Ly Somethick for Hirwish

Who,

Who, rather than behold her daily Bane, Would fooner fuffer a whole Age of Pain; Go on .--- affert the glorious God-like Caufe, Unite as one, and but respect her Laws; Success, (the fure Reward of virtuous Men) Shall crown your Labours, and my grateful Pen; Shall make, tho' but a faint Effay to tell, prin go of What honest Rapture ev'ry Heart shall swell; When our dear Country, with herfelf at Peace, Instead of Discord, shall a sweet Increase Of mutual Love, and Fellowship unfold, And, to Content, revive the Age of Gold! " And gracious Heav'n, if thy Servant's Pray'r, With kind Indulgence thou'lt vouchfafe to hear, In thy good Time, produce this wish'd Reverse, And banish far for ever--- Party Curse." Heat their and fremble -- dread the keen Reviews.

But foft---methinks I hear some whisp'ring Friend, Kindly advise my drawing to an End;
And with forboding Speech, that chills my Hopes,
Like the drear Bird of Night, with frightful Notes,
Screams in my Ear,---presumptious Youth no more,
Prudent in Time direct thy Bark to shore;

The Mules

Nor

Nor madly venture further out to Sea, A Sea of Rhyme---but never meant for Thee. No Pilot at thy Helm---but here I fmile, For I've a Muse in Petto all the while; A little Cho of my own---fo kind, And tho' but young, yet of a Form and Mind So op'ning to Perfection, --- that I fwear, I would not quit her Patronage and Care; Tho' all her Sifters * else should offer Aid, I want no more, she's all !--- My charming Maid! But on my Friend what further Dangers wait? The daring Fool that shall presume to prate, And prate in Rhime, of Manners, and of Men, Whose Actions would debase a Grub-street Pen. Say what the Perils are, the Rocks disclose, And fave thy Friend from his yet ambush'd Foes ?---Hear then and tremble---dread the keen Reviews, Their monthly Satire will attack thy Muse; Thy favourite Clio, with malicious Rage, And probe Thee deeply in their poignant Page; Pinion in Time, nor urge thy defp'rate Flight, What tho' 'tis present Day, 'twill soon be Night;

Soon Soon

of thy Roof to Roce;

^{*} The Muses.

Soon shall the gathering Storm eclipse that Sun, Which now but gleams to partial Thee alone; To foar is dang'rous in these snarling Times, Ouit then in Prudence, quit this Rage for Rhimes; In humble Profe thy slender Parts employ, Nor hunt for Danger, which must fure destroy. Peace, good Sir Prudence, what have I to care? Why mention the Reviews? I cannot fear, Tho' those Bush-fighting Lurkers monthly write, And fcalp poor Authors with an envious Spite; 'Tis not for Me, a very Mouse in Rhime, To think those learned Harpies will combine, To feed on fuch insipid Food as mine; The flurdy Oak may dread the furious Blaft, My Reed will bend, and when the Storm is past, Elastic in itself will spring again, Nor fear a Rupture, from these boist rous Men! In this I'm firm, let Candour shield my Muse, Or if diffected by those fell Reviews, Still will I keep my Courfe---nor mean in Heart, From what I've wrote thro' fervile Fear depart; Unlike a recent Bard whom I could name, Who, dead to ev'ry Sense of honest Fame,

Recall'd his publish'd Mind, --- nay worse, Upon himself the Stigma of a Curse Basely affix'd.---Gods! that a noble Mind. So firong, fo nervous, and to Worth inclin'd, Should by fome strange Fatality of Heart, Fall off, and dwindle to fo mean a part, As to retract, and faulter from Himfelf, Whether thro' Fear of Law, or Love of Pelf, I know not, --- but 'twas Slave-like poorly done, And well may mar his Credit's Rifing-fun; Or, I mistake my Aim, or Satire's Pen Was meant to lash such flagrant-living Men As Hircus, whom I've pictur'd in my Verse, To Nature, and Profession what a Curse! But yet I hold it Cruelty of Heart, To let meek Charity fo far depart, As to expose a real Name to view, And brand it with the worst of Scandal's Hue; Could I do this, I would forswear my Pen, Fly to the Defarts, quit the Sight of Men; Prowl there for Food, provide the Lion's Prey, And think myself as favage full as They: Forbid it Heav'n, that fuch malignant Rage, Should blot th' impartial Purpose of my Page;

Let fweet Humanity, and focial Love,
The darling Attributes of Saints above!
Be ever prefent with Propitious Sway,
My Guard by Night, my Happiness by Day:
Let not foul Malice, with her venom'd Tooth,
Pervert my Purpose, from the sacred Truth;—
Far, far remov'd keep Rancour from my Mind,
"I am a Man, and feel for all Mankind."
On this just Basis I would raise a Name,
And emulate a Lloyd's or Churchill's Fame.





Perce in Person a o'Harra

IMPARTIALIST.

My first Essay's gone comfortably down;
The SNARLERS, that's my Piece, I now proclaim, *
And start again, in quest of further Game;
But had I ta'en my prudent Friend's Advice,
You've ventur'd once, low'rs he, beware of twice,—
I told him (for I'm bold) I'd hazard thrice;
And thrice to that, perhaps,—what check my Pen,
Let Knaves securely sit as honest Men?
No, if I do, may I contempt engage,
And as a second Hircus, damn the Age.

ENOUGH

^{*} The Author did not put his Name to the SNARLERS.

ENOUGH of Hircus—let him mend his Life, Discard his Punk, solace his Irish Wife; From ME, he need not dread a fecond Dart. My first I know still rankles in his Heart; Let him fneak Home, and hide his Miscreant's Head. Forfake the Adult'rous, mind his lawful Bed; When he does this, purging his Crimes away, E'en I may be his Friend, some future Day.

ENOUGH of Printers too; that witling Race, No more shall blot my Page, my Pen disgrace; Let Snarler SAY Himself, e'en think and do Whate'er he lifts, by Folly's erring Clew, Directed One, and all that venal Crew.

O, for a Churchill's Energy of Soul! A Flow like his, not subject to Controul! At the bare mention of that honour'd Name, How my Breast fires with noble Thirst of Fame, His matchless Greatness floats before my Sight, To my Mind's Eye, what exquisite Delight!

HAIL to our deathless Bard, a Muse like mine, (Humble and poor, the least of all the Nine)

C 3

Her

26 THE IMPARTIALIST.

Her grateful Tribute to his Mem'ry pays,
Ambitious only to attempt his Lays!

By his Example, with impartial Pen,
I'll strive to mend; or lash such vicious Men,
Who to their Country are a foul Disgrace,
Or In, or Out, with Pension, or with Place,
I value not—All, all's the same to Me,
I mind a titl'd Knave no more than he;
Can boldly, when I'm wrong'd, a Lord upbraid,
Nor dread his Frown,—though he's a Vice-Roy made.

Why should I fear a Lordling that's in Pow'r, Who's only Worth's the Perfume of an Hour? Who rotten to the Core with Filth and Sin, Ne'er lets a transient Gleam of Grace break in.

THANK Heaven, I'm not of fuch a flavish Mould,
To mask the real Feelings of my Soul,
I hate Hypogrisy, my Heart and Tongue
Shall live in strictest, honest Bonds;—when wrong,
With vile Contempt, for Favours to the Great,
Urge my just Anger to arraign their State,
I will not hold my Peace, though B***** I frown
(With Impotence of Wrath) to crush me down.

But when Nobility to Worth ally'd,
Displays a proper, not disgustful Pride,
When as a Man himself, he owns a Mind,
Open and gen'rous, to his Brother kind;
When sympathetic Feelings for Distress,
Exalt his noble State, not make it less,
To Worth like this Respect is justly due,
I love his Merit, and rejoice with you;
Pleas'd to the Soul, the World has such a Friend,
Whom Vice must praise, whom Envy must commend.

ENGLAND, my well beloved Native Land!

Has many, many fuch at her Command,
And those of noble Extract, noble Hearts,
Who with the Pow'r, have Will to grace their Parts;
Who live as Lovers of Mankind, not think,
Because they're Rich and Great, the Poor shou'd sink;
Shou'd crouch beneath the Ravage of the Times,
Oppress'd with Wrongs, tho' not appall'd with Crimes;
Thank Heav'n! Humanity and social Love,
Are still possess'd by some of those above;
The Muse, whilst Gratitude and Pleasure vie,
Points out a Temple to the public Eye;

Report

28 THE IMPARTIALIST.

Report speaks nobly of his gen'rous Mind,

I love his Worth,—my Churchill found him kind;

Unknown to Me, I have no venal Aim,

In thus proclaiming, what's well known to Fame.

Curse to Dependance on the feeming Great,
My Soul disdains such slavish, abject State,
I cannot, will not let Abuse and Wrong,
(E'en from a Lord) unnotic'd pass along;
Can B****** fpeak the Truth? Let him declare,
How late I gall'd him in his Regal Chair,
Bold Facts I spoke—not to his Face 'tis true,
He lurk'd,—for Reasons which he blushing knew,

THERE was a Time, when Nobles fraught with Sense, (E'er Luxury and Vice had drove it hence)

There was a Time, when Lords themselves could praise, Could judge of Merit; but in these our Days,

When Thirst of Pow'r, with Love of ill-got Pels,

Cankers the Soul, and nought but venal Self

Floats in the Mind: Now what a strange Reverse,

Plain Common Sense, is deem'd almost a Curse;

They hate through Ignorance, despise through Pride,

That Man who soars with Reason for his Guide;

But above all they loath Satiric Vein, And what's the Cause? to Me, it's very plain-They've felt that Satire's Pen can probe their Hearts, Search out their rotten, their infecting Parts; Lay bare their Wounds of Conscience to the World, And mock their tinsel'd State -at distance hurl'd; H***** and S**** but for Churchill's Pen, Those blush to Nature, Scandal-living Men! Had flept in feign'd Security, unknown (But to their goading Consciences alone) Had not his poignant Truth-displaying Muse, Dragg'd them to Light, unmask'd their vile Abuse; Expos'd their Herd of Crimes in Face of Day, And damn'd their Mem'ry in his honest Lay. No wonder then, that Satire gives Offence, To titl'd Knaves, devoid of Worth as Sense: Nay, Rev'rend Fathers of the Church, now fear, ('Cause they deserve the Lash) as well as PEER; They too would pull Satiric Freedom down, Though Do builds Chapels all about the Town, But that's his Zeal, his Fervor to his God; No Love of Lucre, taints the Mind of D**D: Peruse his publish'd Breathings of the Soul, Can any worldly View his Heart controul?

30 THE IMPARTIALIST.

No; was a MITRE offer'd;—well, what then? D**n would accept, and prove like other Men-And shall such Worldlings making a pretence. Of fair Religion, to delude our Senfe, Shall they unnotic'd pass as Saints devout, And lull our Reason, with their preach-about? No; it shall never be, whilft I have Pow'r, And can command my Clio's ev'ry Hour, I will not fuffer fuch a venal Crew, To gull you of your Pence, and Reason too; But to the Light (in real Colours drawn) I'lldragg these Saints, who then must move your Scorn; -BISHOPS to Me are just like other Men. They too have felt a Churchill's probing Pen; And why not, good Sir Critic, tell me why, These Lords of Lawn shou'd pass unnotic'd by? I know no Reason; are they better grown, Than when he lash'd the Vices of the Town? Do they attend their facred Function more? Are they less cringing than they were before? Produce an Instance if you can—what mute? Nay, then 'tis plain-no Cause for a Dispute-Suppose I answer G******R's mitred Head, Is flatu quo not better learn'd, nor bred,

Than

Than when our English Bard, in just Array,
Led his Satiric Troops, and won the Day,
Expos'd Corruption, laid his Meanness bare,
And deeply search'd him, with an honest Air:
N***** his courtly, affable, and kind,
Prejudging, with a most impartial Mind,
I once was honour'd with a—" Sit you down,"
With what becoming, what engaging Frown;
The fweet Impression, cannot but remain,
Though I'm determin'd not to sit again.

How prudent is the Age! how shrewd and wise,
To rear their Sons, in hopes of mitr'd Prize,
To Church Profession! what a glorious Call!
I marvel much, Mechanics sprout at all—
The Gown they think brings certain Profit home,
Whether the Boy a Patron has or none;
No matter, give him but Canonic Trade
They've done, his Fortune must be amply made;
Deluded Mortals! little do they think,
His Curate's Pittance won't afford him Drink;
For Meat, he must not hope to taste a Bit on,
Ask but the present Price of Beef and Mutton.—

32 THE IMPARTIALIST.

But come, to hush your Fears, and make you smile, (Though but a transient Pleasure all the while) Suppose he has a Patron; nay, a LORD; A BISHOP too; will that supply his Board? Nay further yet; - suppose that BISHOP, too, Should be related; that must furely do: No, you're mistaken still; I know, am clear, He long may starve on Twenty Pounds a Year: Give me the Proof, let C--s--T--R take the Hint, I dare to speak what Nephews scarce dare think; 'Tis a reflecting Truth, fay what they will, Though Cousins crouch, no cause I should be still. Well, my canonic Dupe, what think you now, Had not your Hopeful better drive the Plow? Can it be worth thy wond'rous Waste of Pains, To dub him Parson for such mighty Gains? Better he drove your Cart for certain Pay, (A common Labourer from Day to Day) More for your Profit, more his real Good, To earn by Sweat of Brow his daily Food; Than starving all your Family beside To bring him up in Poverty and Pride; The Varfity, you think, will make him bright, Polish his Mind, and form his Manners right:

O, yes, it cannot fail of this, and more; He'll foon despise his Father's humble Door; And though, like many SERVITERS I've known, He foots the Journey to CAM's learned Town; No fooner is the Bonnet on his Pate, A servile Badge, mistaken then for State: But straight he swaggers all about the Town, Forgets his Mode of Travel, Father Clown; Assumes such Self-sufficiency, you'd swear He was a Duke's, and not a Hob-nail's Heir: Poor shallow Oas! how soon his Fate's display'd; How galling to the Soul, a Lacquey made! Forc'd at the Call of Bell to ferve a Crew Of pamper'd Fellows, who with Quinly Goût Mangle whole Joints, in fearch of dainty Bit, And never eafy 'till they're fmacking it; Not once confid'ring that the fervile Hind Who wait at Back are afterwards to dine: No matter; let their Gorge be fully cramm'd, E'en to the Throat, their Servants may be d—'d: " Nature is foon fuffic'd, an Ounce will do. Of folid Meat, -though not for ME-for You; Besides, for Study only you came here, And therefore, like CAMELION, feed on Air.

Without

34 THE IMPARTIALIST

Without this Prudence can you once suppose That I could to this Dignity arose?" Infulting Pedant! to your Fellow Fools Belch out fuch Stuff, quit philosophic Schools; And learn Humanity, learn Common Sense, Discard your musty Problems, send them hence; Embrace Society, ye cloifter'd Elves, Live to the World, throw off your dirty Selves; Your Pride difgusts, your Ignorance appears; For Shame! act more confistent with your Years, Ye long immur'd Dons! reform your Mind, Be affable, and treat your Pupils kind; Slack not a proper Government, but blend Authority, with Mildness of a Friend; Love will of course succeed, and due Regard, Must to content requite, your chiding Bard; Himself with Pleasure will anounce your Praise, And thus reform'd, shall thank you in his Lays.

Enough of Pedants—Serviters no more—You may fare better than you did before;
If not, why let your haughty masters know,
When next I print I'll give a List, and show,
In Capitals display'd, the Names of those
Who thus mal-treat your lordly bashaw Foes:

I know them all; but thank my kinder Fate. I was not doom'd to your corroding State: Saint Peter's * and Saint John's are different quite In Men, and Manners; — JOHNIANS may be right; But give me Law's pacific, friendly Train, Where strict Attention, with good Humour's Vein, Ever prefides a Tutor of a Mind, Open and gen'rous, to his Pupil kind: I've felt his Goodness with a grateful Heart; Shall long remember; it cannot depart:— But foft! a fudden Chill; -what can this mean! Sure, or I dream, some Danger lurks unseen; Cold Drops bedew my trembling Limbs; I fear, I know not what, but fure fome Danger's near; My dear, dear Cho, whither art thou fled? Bring me thy timely Succour, or I'm dead; Hear my Petition, grant my anxious Pray'r, If thou art present, what have I to fear? Let all the Monsters of the defart Plain Beset me round, they gnash their Teeth in vain; If thou but shield me with thy pow'rful Aid, I shall revive, and bless my charming Maid.—

Goddess,

^{*} The Author was of this House.

36 THE IMPARTIALIST.

Goddess, I thank thee; thou hast heard my Suit, I feel my Spirits bound, my Pow'rs recruit; And now, Myself again, I fee the Caufe, See, and rejoice; - The HYDRA's foaming Jaws I now defy:—Come on, ye lurking Crew, . Ye fnarling Critics in a trash Review; I brave your Venom;—know, I bear a Charm, Can lull a CERB'RUS; e'en your Spite disarm: TRUTH is my Guard; by her propitious Sway, I'll on and write, nor shall you bar my Way; I've boldly fet my Name, diffect your Fill, To be oppos'd is Fuel to my Quill; I love it; by my Life it feeds my Vein, And but for this I might be dumb again: Unmask your Monthly Batt'ry, come, behave Like gen'rous Foes, and dare for once be brave; Give up you Names, ye Stabbers in the Dark, Let's know your Force, I'm but a fingle Mark; What, fear a Mushroom Bard?—I see you're nice, For, Frenchman-like, you too can feed on Mice: You've mouth'd my first, I hope the Dish was good, Now take my Name—alas, poor Underwood!— Wou'd it were Wormwood, then perhaps the Gall Might be corrected; that will fuit you all. THUS,

THUS, Bravoes, in my Turn I lunge at you, Parry again, and let your One in Two * Come thund'ring on; muster your witling Crew; Bid 'em to Hamilton's in Haste repair, Review 'em firielly, mind they all are there; Cashier that Coward who deferts his Post, Forfakes you when his Aid is needed most; And when affembled all, expound your Will, Give 'em to know an Upstart Stripling's Quill, Has dar'd to throw his fingle Gauntlet down, And thus, in Print, defies your Lurkers Frown: Defies! No, rather covets, by the Gods! It fires my Soul thus to engage with Odds; I cannot loofe, it may encrease my Fame, Unnotic'd yet, and scarcely known by Name:-Reviewing Scalpers, for the present, then, I take my Leave, you'll hear from me again. Mask, or unmask, it's all the same to ME, I'll not retract through Fear, or Love of Fee;

Let

The Author with the same Candour of Sentiment which he lately experienc'd from these Gentry, who deny'd the SNARLERS being his first Essay, concludes, that the Monthly and Critical Reviews are from the same Lurkers.

38 THE IMPARTIALIST.

Let grovelling Souls deny their publish'd Voice, Freedom's great Call shall ever be my Choice; In Thought and Act Confiftency shall sway, Nor shall the Morrow contradict To-Day.-What Interruption now?—this prudent Friend Is ever teazing; fure fome private End Must be in view; -- once more I'll hear you, then, (Plague to fuch meddling felf-fufficient Men) Come, speak your Mind, expound the mighty Cause. That prompts you thus to break good Manners Laws; Out with it quickly:—but with the Reviews No more perplex my Mind, my favourite Muse; My darling Clio, with her friendly Care, Has nerv'd my Soul; your Prudence now is Fear, Unworthy of a Man; but come, declare, Ungrateful Boy! you scarce deserve to know My Feelings, which from real Friendship flow: But as I deem these Ravings of the Mind, Not meant to give Difgust, I'll still prove kind; My friendly Purpose shall not perish: No; I'll fpeak my Thoughts, though You become my Foe. Know, then, I hold it Madness thus to brave The Critics Fury;—better stem a Wave,

An Adriatic Billow: Better dare, In fingle Combat, the great God of War: Sooner the tiny Wren shall put to Flight The tow'ring Eagle from his topmost Height: The Wolf shall dread the Lamb's Approach, e'er thou, (Weak and unskill'd to bend keen Satire's Bow) Shall pierce a Witling Wasp: - I said before, To foar was dangerous; -what need of more? But, come, a further Proof of my Regard, If you're determin'd to commence a Bard, And nothing can allay this Itch for Rhime, I'll wave my Suit, your Humour shall be mine; But mark the Terms; let it be first your Care, To court a Patron, with obsequious Air; Turn Levee-Hunter to some Lord; your Muse Must praise his Friends, his Enemies abuse; Write Panegyrics, fulfome as the Strain, Which well repaid a MALLET's pliant Brain; ELVIRA we remember; fo must B**E; The Author's dead;—enough, then, we are mute.— And peace thee too, be dumb, I'll hear no more, This Language grates my Soul; my ev'ry Pore . Is stagnated, to hear such Worldlings prate, And then to think I'll grovel to fuch State;

D 2

Such

40 THE IMPARTIALIST,

Such abject State, a Negro scarce could bear, Though he but breathes, no Native of our Air. May I be branded with the like Difgrace, As Broker H***** D when he was in Place; Or as a Mad-cap G****** in the Park, With Punk parading, as a public Mark; May I, like him, display the Faults of Youth, Without a Blush, exulting in the Truth; Such flavish Counsel my free Soul disdains, What shall I crouch, and suffer willing Chains? Chains of the Mind to curb my Reason down? It shall not be, let LORDS or smile or frown, I care not, if one honest good Man praise, I've Fame enough, he well requites my Lays; Nor will I, Minion-like, attend the Great, Or pocket Infult from a Fool of State: No, good Sir Prudence, it shall never be; You may revere, I fpurn Nobility; Unless with Principle and Goodness fraught, To me they're vile, unworthy of a Thought; The higher titled, greater is my Scorn; Alas, how few have Worth, though nobly born! And yet I grant a Patron might diffuse, Some real Service to an Infant Muse;

THE IMPARTIALIST. 41

My grateful Heart expands with Favour shewn, The Public's all the Patron I would own; Private Address, with but Respect in View, INGRATES shall never more receive; 'tis you, And you alone, the Public's all my Care, If they protect, what then have I to fear? Togain the Public was our Churchill's Aim, Thro' their Indulgence, from the Height of Fame, His honest Muse transmits a lasting Name. By his Example fir'd, I wish to prove, (If but a partial Share) of public Love; Refolv'd, fair TRUTH shall ever be my Guide, I cannot err, that Goddess on my Side; All that I ask, and fure you won't deny, Impartial hearing, and a friendly Eye: Affur'd I am your CANDOUR will excuse, Faults too apparent in a Stripling's Muse:— Secur'd in this, I brave the Critics Rage, And mock the Fury of a SNARLING AGE.





MISCELLANIES.

Upon a YOUNG LADY,

Of much Wit and personal Charms, who inform'd the Author of her having resolved to quit the World, (on a sudden Disgust) and retire into a French Convent.

Attacks the Female-Weakness of the Age?

Fly to a Convent! quit thy native Isle!

What, suffer cloister'd Idiots to beguile?

And with their seeming Rhapsody of Soul,

Shall they enslave thy Mind? Thy Steps controul?

Shame on't: Has our dear England lost her Charms,

That you would haste to Gallia's subtle Arms?

All Prejudice apart, turn but your Eyes, And take a View what your own Clime supplies, Is not fair Nature bountifully kind? Have we not ev'ry Bleffing that should bind, And rivet your Affections here alone? You cannot err, if Reason keeps her Throne, And but to hefitate, is to deny, Truths which are glaring to the vidgar Eye. Nay, further still; should you too lightly deem, Of Nature's Bounty, (tho' fo rich a Theme!) What noble Splendor, what attractive Grace, Are here display'd in this flupendous Place! * Balls, Op'ras, Plays; fuch various Delight, To feast the Senses, captivate the Sight; That to retreat from fuch a glorious Scene, Would be Injustice,—even in a Queen: But to select one Proof: The highest Treat Which Art can furnish, and Expence complete, And in that one to comprehend them all, View Cornelly's Display at a full Ball: There—but Description would, it sure must fail; And therefore to avoid a long Detail, Unequal too, accept the following Tale.

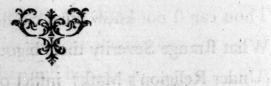
STORY

to year life on which has

STORY reports, and I believe it true, A certain noble Lord, no matter who, Took with him there, upon a Gala Night, A grave Divine, to view this rapt'rous Sight; Lo, the Effects! The Parson with Amaze, (Like Country Bumpkins who at London gaze) Rais'd high his Hands, and eke his ravish'd Eyes, And to his kind Conductor thus he cries. " Befeech you, good my Lord, forbid the Gown Shou'd gain Admittance here; why the whole Town From Pulpit would be told: I feel, I know, That all we mean by Heaven is, Sono." Without a Comment on this prous Praife, Can you then quit these Halcyon Nights and Days, Which here you may enjoy in fo much Tafte? Indeed, Lorretta, you're too much in haste: What! quit the World in the fair Bloom of Youth! When Beauties, fuch as yours, (I speak but Truth) Grace the gay Circle with fuperior Charms, Inspiring Love, and all its sweet Alarms? This cruel Purpose lay aside, my Fair, When thou art gone, farewel my staying here; I'll fuddenly take Flight, and bid adieu To Country, Friends, and all-to follow You.

But foft! Methinks, to aggravate my Fears, A Lady Abbefs formally appears, With Look demure, and hypocritic Face, Cries "Youth, forbear, no Entrance in this Place: To break off further Converse with the World, Our pious Sisters here are come resolv'd; And shall we suffer Purity of Life To be disturb'd with Noise and worldly Strife? It must not, cannot be; retreat, vain Boy, Govern those headstrong Passions which destroy Your Reason thus, and make you idly roam For Peace Abroad, within your Reach at Home."— Here's Consolation for a Wretch like me, Who fondly hop'd to live for only thee; If you perfift in this romantic Flight, Farewel to all; I'll bid the World Good Night; Nor longer will I bear the Face of Day, If thou withdraw thy Light, my genial Ray. What further shall I urge? What more relate, To make thee still reject this baneful State? Thou can'ft not know what cloifter'd Rules impose; What strange Severity these bigot Foes, (Under Religion's Mask) inflict on all, Who, blind to Happiness, and Freedom's Call,

Quit fweet Society, enflave the Mind, And fuffer Wretches of this Stamp to bind In stuperstitious Bonds, give up their Right, To think and act by Reason's pow'rful Light. These rigid Trials, justly plac'd in view, Confider well-will they agree with You? Can you determine, all at once, to give Your Freedom up, to die with these, not live? Life, or I much mistake the Gracious Will, Shou'd useful, active be, but theirs mere still. Confider well, nor rashly thus engage, Or goading Sorrows may afflict your Age; Each coming Hour may furnish added Pain, Shou'd you repent, and wish Life free again. Lorretta pause, and on Reflection's Light, You'll hold your present Scheme so justly slight, That with approving Heart you'll bless the Time, When Strephon thus prevail'd with honest Rhime.



Who blad to Lispings and Reeding

Upon leaving a Lady in the Country early in the Morning.

A LL Nature smiles; the glorious rising Sun
Swift from the "dappl'd East" prepares to run
His daily Course;—but what, alas! to me
Is smiling Nature, or a Sun of Glee?—
All Pleasure's banish'd, thus berest of thee.



Sent in a Letter to the same Lady from Newbury, upon the Author's discovering that he had lost a Lock of Hair out of his Watch, presented to him in order to have a Ring made at Bath.

ILL fated Bard! what think you Fair?
I've lost your jetty Lock of Hair;
The Watch, unmindful of his Charge,
Has let his Pris'ner 'scape at large;
Indulge me with a second Slip,
And if I make another Trip,
May Gainsbro's Pencil * do you right,
And hang me up a dreadful Sight;

May

^{*} The Author defigned having his Picture drawn by this inge-

May "Walk in, Master," be the Cty,
To ev'ry Oaf that passes by;
Instead of Exhibition grand,
May I be posted in the Strand,
With foreign Birds, and Beasts of Prey,
To feast the Cits each Shop-shut Day:
Nay, further, to increase my Shame,
May Soul-gall'd Critics * damn my Fame.

An ACROSTIC,

Addressed to a Married Lady.

Mrs.

WIN

P aphian Queen of dimpl'd Grace,
R ofy Health adorns thy Face,
E ver fweet, fuch Heav'nly Charm
S ure a Hermit might difarm;
C an we behold and not admire?
O 'er all thy Form coeleftial Fire:
T o add a further, lasting Fame,
T o mental Pow'rs how great thy Claim!

Upon

* The Reviewers in particular.

Upon the Sister of the above Lady.

Mifs

S o fair a Face, with fuch a Mein,

A s well might grace the Cyprian Queen;

L ittle Loves in sportive Glee,

L ightly trip the Round with thee;

Y ou with Power, all your own,

H aving Charms refiftless known,

I n a Glance of fweet Defign,

L ooking all your prudent Mind,

L evel Hearts, and make them kind,



Upon a Petit Maitre Gentleman.

Supposed to be wrote by a Lady.

SWEET-scented Sir, excuse a real Friend,
A Female, too, who sain would see you mend;
And thro' that laudable Design, presumes
To give Advice; not slavour'd with Perfumes;
But with Sincerity of Heart steps forth,
To render you, perhaps, a Man of Worth:

Mistake

Mistake me not; it is no worldly Pelf,
We know you've that—I'm speaking of Yourself;
Discard that petit maitre air; I vow,
You're like a Puppet at a Raree Shew,
Which guided only by the Master Wires,
Moves up and down, and as the Shew requires,
Shifts its Position with an aukward Air,
Just as I've seen You trip it to your Chair.—
Attempt a little Elegance of Ease;
This is a Charm can never sail to please:
But, soft! Tho' this is well design'd, you'll grant,
I would not move your Anger, sweet D****T.

Andrew Souther Souther

An Extempore Answer to an Invitation from some Ladies to the Author, to spend the Afternoon with 'em, " if he could throw away his Time on two such insipid Mortals," as they term'd themselves.

YOUR Greetings have this Moment reach'd my Hand,

By which the Ladies Pleasure I command

Next Wednesday; 'tis well, I will be there;

(Full twenty Years in Love's Account, my Fair!)

But

But what Injustice to yourselves to say,

(Not think I trust) " if you can throw away,

With two insipid Mortals such as we,

Your Ev'ning," and for what? A Dish of Tea!

Peace, Ladies, Peace; I cannot, must not hear

This grating Language to my wounded Ear:

Why Jove himself would quit his Godship's Throne

To visit You—his Juno left alone:

To a mere Mortal, like Myself, 'tis more

Than I deserve—but Ladies as before.

EXTEMPORE

Upon being inform'd that HIRCUS had fent in Quest of the Author, immediately upon receiving a Letter of the most poignant Accusation, touching his execrable Life, &c.

"WHY let the stricken Deer go weep," I find My Prose Attack has gall'd him to my Mind; Not quite so callous as I thought—that's well; But yet I deem him still an Insidel:

Let him discard his Trull, then sneak away,
E'en I may be his Friend, some future Day.

An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Miss

L ovely, fweet, attracting Fair,

O what a Form! that matchless Air!

R apture fires my glowing Breaft,

R eplete stand all thy Charms confest;

E v'ry Feature floats in View,

To Extafy of Thought, how new!

T hee, Venus Laughter-loving Dame,

A dding all thy fprightly Train;

H ere your very Self's display'd,

U nder Form of this fweet Maid;

To fly is vain; the barbed Dart,

C aft from those Eyes, affails my Heart;

H eav'n-born Fair thee I invoke,

In Pity let me 'scape the Stroke;

N ever on me direct a Ray,

S uch as Sor's in high Mid-day;

Oh! I'm come too late, * 'tis faid,

N ever, never must I wed as the mid and bey sull

To Thin different his Trail

^{*} Alluding to Mrs. H's making Use of this Expression to the Author.

Addressed to Mrs. HUTCHINSON.

If tweet domestic Happiness can please,
With cordial Friendship, and a Life of Ease;
If to behold thy num'rous blooming Race,
Adorn thy Table with superior Grace,
Who's Persons in angelic Mould are cast,
Whose Minds (for these are Beauties that will last)
Are fully fraught with Principle and Sense,
Which only such a Mother could dispense;
As I've the Happiness to know, to feel,
These and much more enrich thy private Weal:—
I hail thee happy, 'cause I know thee good;
(No Flatt'ry from your Poet Underwood.)

Gods! how I wish—but Language all is weak, The glowing Transports of my Breast to speak; How dearly do I wish, that Length of Days, May crown you all with Happiness and Praise,



Am call for formation like and

An ACROSTIC, addressed to an OLD MAID.

Miss 353 to Sit I r box good to be to have done K ind, good-natur'd, eafy Fair, In thy Form what matchless Air! To feast us with such ripen'd Charms, To fire our Hearts with Love's Alarms; Y ou the Power, yours the Sway; (H ell-born Cruelty away) I n pity to our am'rous Flame, L et us not all, all figh in vain; L ead not Apes to give us Pain.

Upon WILKES's writing Word from France of the Death of his Friend CHURCHILL there, LLOYD's Imprisonment, and his own Exile: (A Paragraph verfified.)

LAS! no more poor Churchill lives to write! Unhappy LLOYD exists in woeful Plight! And I (curse to the Scandal of the Times) Tho' I ne'er dealt in poignant Rhimes, Am exil'd for remaining Life, Depriv'd of Country-Seat, and Wife.

Occasion'd

Occasioned by a Lady being deeply affected with the Censure of the World. A DIALOGUE.

B. A LAS! alas! fo much I've heard,
I scarce have Breath to speak a Word;
The World! the World, what won't it say?
Is hatching Lies from Day to Day;
If for one Mouthful of fresh Air,
We venture from our Homes to steer,
And this at Ev'ning should be done,
Expect to hear by Morning's Sun,
Malice has done her utmost Spite,
To represent in soulest Light,
And damn the Actions of the Night.

U. No more, no more disturb thy Mind,
With airy Trisses of this Kind;
But pattern me, and Scandal deem
A Thing of Course, a Thread-bare Theme;
Nor care, tho' ev'ry Tongue should vie,
Who worst can tell the greatest Lye:
But let this Maxim be our Rule,
(Despising ev'ry busy Fool)
Ourselves to please; nor mind a Jot,
Whether the World approve, or not.

An

An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Miss

S O much of Elegance and Ease,
U nite to form thy Pow'r to please;
S uch sweet Propriety of Mein,
As amply fits a Goddess Queen;
N o more let Paphian Venus boast,
N or Waldgrave be the only Toast;
A ngelic Maid! thee, I declare,
H ow much superior to that Fair!
H ow weak, how languid are my Lays,
U nless you deign to smile my Praise;
T o give your Worth its Merits due,
C an I attempt, not fir'd by You?

U nless you deign to smile my Praise;
T o give your Worth its Merits due,
C an I attempt, not fir'd by You?
H ere let me then invoke thy Aid,
I nspire your Poet, Heav'n born Maid;
N or let my fervent, zealous Pray'r,
S uffer a cool indignant Air;
On me your chearful Radiance dart,
Nor deeper wound, but glad my Heart.



Upon feeing Mrs. YEATES in the Character of MARGARET, in the Earl of Warwick.

TO fee, and to admire's the same; I swear E'en CIBBER never rivall'd this our Fair; Gods! with what noble, what vindictive Ire, Each Feature speaking, and her Eyes all Fire; With what maternal Emphasis she cries, "I conquer still, there, there my Victim lies. *"

An ACROSTIC,

Addressed to a Lady on her little Girl, aged four Years.

Mis

N ot all that am'rous Poets fain,
A s strong as Fancy nerves their Strain,
N or Venus, Laughter-loving Fair,
C an to such op'ning Sweets compare;
Y ou are Heaven's peculiar Care.
H ow sprightly charming, what a Tongue!
O 'er thy dear Prattle how I hung;
O n my fond Knee how didst thou sit,
K een in Remarks, of such a Wit,
E 'en grown-up Mortals must submit.

E 3

* Pointing to Warwick whom she had stab'd.

J

An

An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Miss

Perhaps you think, my little Queen,

R eturn'd once more to Rhime-I mean

In high-wrote Panegyric Verse,

S uch as your Sifters Praise rehearse:-

C an you do less, I hear you fay,

In peevish Mood, for ME than THEY?

L et Interruption cease, I pray;

L east you shou'd think I mean to slight,

A ttend my Counsel, mark me right;

H eaven has form'd you fair, 'tis true,

(U nder the Rose no Claim for You)

T ime may fpeak further Charms, the Mind;

C an there be ought in human Kind,

H owever striking, to compare

In Worth with this, my fprightly Fair?

N e'er let Externals, then, engage,

S uch Trifles as allure the Age;

On mental Grace your Parts employ,

N or this can Time himself destroy.

Another

Another, addressed to the eldest Sister.

Miss

M irth, Good-humour, folid Sense,

A lways ready to difpense,

R eason's pow'rful Support,

In thy quick Ideas stoat;

A Person form'd to please; a Mind,

H ow far fuperior to thy Kind!

U fe, and ornamental Grace,

To fuch a fweet, engaging Face,

C ombine to swell thy Worth, thy Praise;

H ow far above my humble Lays!

In what a Rhapfody of Joy,

(N ever shall Time itself destroy)

So like a YEATES * in Passion, Air,

O'er-reaching Warwick's fubtle Care;

Nought can efface this striking Fair !

EXTEM-

* The Tragedy of the Earl of Warwick was defigned to be privately exhibited, in which this Lady was to perform Margaret of Anjou; a Character Mrs. Yates fo capitally shines in.

EXTEMPORE

Upon a Report in the public Papers that Lord C****** m was in great Danger at the Castle Inn, Marlbro', of being crush'd by the Ceiling of a Room giving Way while his Lordship was at Dinner there.

A LAS! what Danger was the Public-Weal in When C***** was near crush'd by Marlbro's Ceiling?

This dire Event would distant Ages mourn,
And what had been the Fate of this own?
Our Crippl'd Patriot gone! What then remains?
Our Hands as well as Tongues * would groan in Chains.



Upon the Infidel HIRCUS calling in Person upon the Author to deprecate his just Vengeance touching his SNARLERS; in a Letter addressed to some Ladies.

A Second Triumph, Ladies, give me Joy!

P****** Himfelf, and not his greafy Boy,

Came Yesterday, all Terror-struck, to find

Your humble out, and with a flavish Mind,

(To

* To the Blush of the Times all public Affairs were at a total Stand till Lord C******M's Arrival from Bath.

(To deprecate my Wrath) when to depart,
(First told I was remov'd, which gall'd his Heart)
Lest Word, that if I should return, why then,
He begg'd his Sirship's Comps. and wish'd again,
That Mr. U. would call in T-street,
(Which when I do may I the D—I meet)
For he, the Insidel, from his own Shore, *
Had Letters just received, implying more.
May I be branded with his foul Disgrace,
("H-ll in his Heart, and Tyburn in his Face")
If e'er I hold Acquaintance with him more;
My Soul's resolv'd.—Now, Ladies, as before.

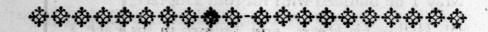
Addressed to a certain PREACHER, who gave great Offence by having his Hair dressed in the very Extremity of the Mode, (a la Grec, as it was term'd.)

THY Doctrine's found, thy Elocution's strong,
As well become an able Teacher's Tongue;
We hear with Rev'rence;—but our wounded Eyes
Behold thy Toupeed Figure with Surprize.
Shame o'nt—what suffer Fashion's cobweb Art,
To gain Possession of a Parson's Heart?

Example,

* IRELAND.

Example, join'd with Precept, may produce
Pious Effects, and prove of Soul-felt Use:
The first neglected, tell me what avail,
What real Service then, your florid Tale?
Hold up respectful Decency to View,
Our Praise you'll merit, Imitation too;
Apply this Hint, 'tis friendly you'll allow,
And frankly offer'd to each cassock'd Beau.



The HIGHGATE ADVENTURE.

Friday, September 4, 1767.

A SSIST me Muse, whilst I relate,
Th' Occurrence of a Morning's Date.
Strolling to view the public Way, *
Where toiling Lab'rers sweat out Day,
A Butcher, tho' of greasy Note,
With courteous Freedom I bespoke;
Prating a-while on this and that,
Fine Weather, or such common Chat,
We saw (no Marvel to behold)
Advancing, dress'd in Green and Gold,

A stately Hero passing by, When thus Sir Cleaver roars on high: "That's Sampson, who with active Pow'r, At Islington each Night an Hour Regales the Public with his Feats Of Horsemanship; nay some say beats E'en PRICE himself"-I stop'd him short, Friend, you're deceiv'd, take my Word for't; 'Tis not the Person that you name. " I'm certain 'tis the very fame." Thus brav'd, and by a calfish Pate, Tho' Gaming is a Vice I hate, I'll hold you ten to five, fays I, That 'tis not Sampson passing by. Done, his reply; away I flew, And brought the Hero to his View; Who honeftly declar'd that HE Was WALTON call'd; this fet me free, And gave me ample Right to claim Five Pieces of the Butcher's Dame; She keeps the Duft, I'd have you know, For Highgate Custom wills it so: *

In

^{*} Many Instances of this Kind are well known to the Author.

In fine, 'twas paid, nor think me mean,

Or lightly of my Subject deem;

Dice levels All to equal State,

The Butcher's Gold is royal Weight.

EXTEMPORE

Upon the much-lamented Death of the Right Honourable CHARLES TOWNSEND, obit Friday, Sept. 4, 1767.

WITH gushing Eyes, and Heart-felt Grief,

Britannia plaintive cries,

Alas! where shall I find Relief,
When Worth like Townsen p's dies?



Upon feeing Mrs. YEATES (after Mrs. CIBBER'S Death) in the reviv'd Tragedy of Heroic Love, for her own Benefit.

read being a lile tropested year.

EASE, cease your unavailing Griefs,
Tho' CIBBER is no more,
YEATES with resulters Charms revives,
And shines with equal Pow'r!

n to the Author

An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Mifs

P rudence join'd with graceful Ease,

E v'ry Sweet combin'd to please;

G oodness of the Heart display'd,

G ifts of Nature, Heavenly Maid!

Y ou possess with matchless Skill;

E v'ry Charm of Mind at Will,

V arious Pow'rs to spare or kill.

A dd that Hieroglyphic Vein, *

N ot a Dash-but speaks your Fame,

S uch Address I court again.



Upon another LADY, the Sifter.

Miss

B eauty's Charms must foon away,

E v'ry Moment wings Decay;

T ho' posses'd of ev'ry Grace,

S uch a Mein, so fair a Face,

Y ou to Time must still give Place.

E v'ry

^{*} This Lady was much admired for writing enigmatical Letters.

E v'ry Beauty of th' Mind,

V arious Charms with Ease combin'd;

A dd that recent sweet Display,

(N ot a Glove must soil To-day *)

S uch Attention claims a Lay.

Addressed to a certain Lady, who was highly displeased, and ill-treated the Author, for giving his impartial Opinion (tho' she expressly commanded him) touching a design'd Publication of her's.

ť.

HOW widely we mistake the Road,
Which Nature points to View,
Each Jack assumes the Gentleman,
An Author, strangely You.

II.

Squander no more whole Paper Reams,
Nor lavish precious Time;
Thimble and Needle better suit,
Than hobbling Dogg'rel Rhime.

Apply

* This alludes to a very engaging economical Display of this Lady's, who was observ'd to carry colour'd Gloves about her, to keep her white ones clean.

III.

Apply your Sifter's thrifty Art,
A Carpet * will afford,
A nobler Field to shew your Parts,
And sooner stock your Board.

Upon a Young Lady, virtuously remarked for her strict
Attention to an aged Mother.

Mifs

P rudence join'd with filial Care,
O! the Virtue of this Fair!
L et the Thoughtless and the Gay,
L oosely sport their Hours away,
Y ou with Scorn that Waste survey.

W isely, dutiful in Heart,
A ll your willing Time impart,
R ather to a Parent's Ease,
F olly's Round may other's please;
I n your prudent, careful Mind,
E v'ry silial Charm combin'd;
L ove like this I joy to know,
D uty's Happiness below.

Upon

^{*} The young Lady was employed at this Time on fuch a Work.

Upon a LADY, who gave the Author his first Interview, mask'd all the Time. Addressed to

Mrs.

B eauties of the Mind appear,
U nder Mask of Face, my Fair;
R ather Mercy, I must own,
T o prevent your Features known;
Or I might received a Dart,
N ever to survive the Smart.



To the AUTHOR of the Countess of Salisbury, a Tragedy, wrote when he was Eighteen.

I.

SUCH early Merit you display, In this your tragic Vein, No need of a prophetic Mind, To speak your future Fame.

II.

But yet I must, with friendly Zeal,

Thus publicly declare,

I like not that too folemn Burst,

"MY GOD!" in Mouth of Play'r.

Addressed

Addressed to a married Lady, upon her Birth-Day.

I.

A T Friendship's Call with willing Heart, My Muse assists the Lay;

And thus with best of Wishes hails

Fair Betsy's natal Day.

II.

May many calm revolving Years,

Full fraught with ev'ry Joy,
In grateful Order bless your Life,

Protect your fav'rite Boy.*

III

May fweet Content of Mind, with Health,
That best of Blessings here,
Crown all your Days with Heart-felt Ease,
Your Nights disrobe of Fear.

IV

May hoary Age itself steal on, Without its painful Train; May ev'ry Ill be far remov'd, Your ev'ry Wish obtain.

F

Accept

* An only Child.

IV.

Accept this poor, but honest Strain,

No felfish End in View;

A better Poet you may find,

But not a Friend more true.

An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Mifs

E v'ry graceful Charm to please,

L ittle Loves with fportive Eafe,

In thy beauteous Form appear,

S uch as WALDGRAVE's tempting Fair:

A dd a further lafting Fame,

(B etter far than noble Name)

E nvy must allow a Mind,

T o Perfection near inclin'd;

H ow with Praises justly due,

M any Virtues plac'd in View;

I n a fudden Change of Thought,

C an I then descry a Fault?

H ow? alas! I find it true,

E lse I dare not censure You:

L et coquettish Airs be gone,

L OVE may then assume the Throne.

Occasion'd

Occasion'd by a scurrilous Epigram in an Evening Paper upon the Death of the Right Honourable CHARLES TOWNSEND.

SUCH gross Depravity of Heart
Bespeaks the soulest Aim;
Then what must be his future State,
Who stabs a Townsend's Fame?



An ACROSTIC.

Addressed to a Lady of fingular Ingenuity.

Miss

P ersuasion on thy Lips is hung,
H eav'nly Eloquence of Tongue;
I n what Variety of Charms,
L ittle Loves with sweet Alarms,
I n thy graceful Form appear,
(P rithee Waldgrave come not here)
P ride and Envy must be mute,
I f they dare with thee dispute:
No, it cannot, shall not be,
A ll must yield the Palm to thee:

F 2

But

B ut should foolish Beauty claim,

U nder that bare, fimple Name,

R etreat, thou felf-fufficient Fair,

To Sappho how can'ft thou compare!

Of mental Pow'rs how just her Boast;

N ever contend-you've doubly loft.



VERSES addressed to Dr. Wynstok, upon the Author's Recovery from a very severe Nervous Disorder.

T.

SINCE rosy Health once more displays
Her sprightly gladsome Train,
With renovated Strength the Muse
Attempts this grateful Strain.

TT:

erenal mela bio moderno

But first, to Heav'n's all-ruling Pow'r,
She bends with thankful Heart;
Without who's Aid, of what Avail
Is ev'ry human Art?

TTT

Hail WYNSTOK! tho' no rattling Car
Proclaims thy Worth's Approach;
Skilful Affistance may be found,
Not launching from a Coach.

Henceforth

IV.

Henceforth no more let tinfel'd State,
With Glare of outward Show,
Stamp Ignorance with Sterling Parts,
To grace the Blockhead's Brow.

V

Hail WYNSTOK! tho' each envious Son,
Of Galen's num'rous Tribe,
With Dignity of Wig should feign,
Thy Merits to deride;

VI.

Yet will I fet to public Note,

Thy Health-dispensing Pow'r;

This Gratitude demands—with Joy
I seize the present Hour.

VII.

What, tho' no Birth-right Claim you boalt
To Britain's fav'rite Isle, *

Nor Place nor Climate can confine,
True Genius knows no Soil!

F a

Accept

* The Doctor is a Dutchman, many Years a Student at the University of Leyden; from the Professor of which he has the most honourable Testimonials of his skilful Knowledge in Physic as well as in Philosophy.

VIII.

Accept the Wishes of a Heart,
Restor'd to social Joy; *
May this successful Merit speak,
Your Title to employ.



EXTEMPORE

Upon reading a scurrilous Letter in the Public Advertiser, fign'd MAJOR John Spinnage.

I.

FIE foul-mouth'd Spinnage, what in Print
A Lyar, Scoundrel, Fool,

A Major, and a Justice too!

What! learnt you this at School?

II.

Blush, deeply blush, for this Offence, Retract your courtly Charge; Or you will have the World retort, And think you're All † at large.

Address'd

* The Author's Spirits were so affected, owing to his Disorder, as to render all Society not only disagreeable but even dreadful to him.

+ Lyar, Scoundrel, and Fool.

Address'd to a certain Witling, (who dated a Letter from Canterbury in the Public Advertiser Sept. 17, 1767) in which he thought sit to exercise his Multiplicity of Prose Ideas in dissecting the Motives which induced the Author to write some Lines (vide p. 66) to a certain Lady.

I.

" HOW widely you've mistook my Aim,"

Sweet Witling Prose Adviser,

Turn to my Lines, I'm clear you'll find,
In that fame Advertifer: *

II.

Not Prejudice, injurious Cause,

Provok'd my just Retort,

I know the Lady—have been wrong'd—

Thus told her of the Fault.

III.

To you she's totally unknown,

(If we may take your Word)

Why warmly then espouse her Fame?

Indeed 'twas quite abfurd.

The

* Sept. 10, 1767.

install to a contain t

Conterval in the

in which he though

Proje Ideas in ci

The Sex I honour and esteem, Nay with respectful Care; I note the Phanix you posses, Long live your jingling Fair!

O! now I have it; she, dear Soul, Took to herfelf my Hint, And fearful least a Sifter Wit Shou'd be deter'd from Print;

In that fame Advander, IV

Commanded Spouse to draw his Quill, (She kindly gave a Lift) Had you refus'd, in troth you'd loft Your yearly pillow Gift. *

> Thus told her of the Fault. Address'd

* This Champion fign'd himself " A Lover of modest Genius," and boafted that he had a Wife who upon every annual Return of their Marriage-Day, left an Ode of her own compofing upon his Pillow.



EXTEMPORE

Address'd to the same Canterbury Witling, in Answer to his verbose Epistle inserted in the Public Advertiser, Oct. 5, 1767, addressed to the Impartialist.

I.

WHY all this Rout, my furious Sir?

I meant your Spouse no Harm;

Secure for me ye Turtles coo,

Nor fear my rude Alarm.

II.

Long may you live in peaceful State,

I wish it by my Life;

Nor do I envy in the least,

Your tender JINGLING Wife.



EXTEMPORE

Upon feeing Mr. MORRIS, for the first Time, in the Character of GILES in the Maid of the Mill.

THO' JOHNNY BEARD has quitted Stage,
His Loss we cannot rue;
Since ev'ry Eye with Pleasure owns

His Giles reviv'd in You.

Another

Another upon the same Occasion,

eddress de en the tame s ITH Cynic's Snarl, and low'ring Brow, On reading Advertiser,

Cries Harry to his urging Wife, To-night we'll prove the wifer.

No Maid of Mill can now go down, Since JOHNNY BEARD is missing;

Who's this fame MORRIS?—Well I know His Fate will be a Hiffing.

But Spouse was wilful, go he must; This Morn I heard him fay, Who could have thought it? Sure I fam Friend BEARD himself display.

EXTEMPORE

Upon fending a Present of Tea into the Country, bought at the Grass-hopper, in Gracechurch-Street.

CCEPT the Grass-hopper Contents, I hope you'll find 'em good; When done, expect a fresh Supply From Poet Underwood.

Upon

Upon the Author's receiving an Invitation to a Friend's House, (lately gone into Business) No. 45.

I.

Th' impartial Scribbler has receiv'd Your friendly Invitation,
On Thursday next he means to call,
To hear of Lynn Relation.

II.

I note your hang-out, give you Joy,
In Life you can't but thrive;
Since Magna Chart. protects your House
With Number Forty-sive,

III.

N. B. On fecond Thoughts, for they are best,

(If Proverbs we regard)

I'll take the Luck of daily Pot,

If you'll forgive your Bard.

IV.

But if the Times should not permit,
Why tip me but a Line,
Tis all the same, some future Day
Will serve as well to dine.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

Address'd to Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, Painter, at Bath; in which the Author reminds him of his Promise made in last April, to prefent him with a whole length Picture.*

PRESUMING upon Friendship shown,
In April last at Bath when down,
I should e'er now address'd a Letter,
(Perhaps like this for want of better)
And begg'd to be indulg'd the Reason,
You came not up in May's fair Season;
But ever since a fell Disease,
Foe to my Mind and Body's Ease,
Has prey'd upon my ev'ry Hour,
Palsy'd each Sense with baneful Pow'r;
Relax'd my Nerves in ev'ry Breath,
I suffer'd, and I wish'd for Death,

At

^{*} The Author takes this Opportunity to thank this Gentleman for his first Attention to his Promise, and the very genteel ingenuous Reception he has since met with from him; at the same Time assures him, that he is preparing (with all convenient Dispatch) the public Retort which he has already privately engaged to treat him with,

At length restor'd, in grateful Lay, The Public Prints my Thanks convey. 'Tis now with focial Pleafure fraught, Your friendly Offer floats in Thought: You promis'd, Sir, a Stripling Bard, and the land (Unworthy of fo much Regard) To honour with your skilful Art; A Favour, which with grateful Heart, Shall long remain in high Efteem, An Artist Friend, my fav'rite Theme! Th' Occasion of this frank Address, Is briefly neither more nor less, A Fortnight from this Date I mean To quit this noify, buftling Scene; + Least the State-boobies of the Times, Should plunge me in a Sea of Rhimes, Before my shatter'd Nerves recruit Their Powers for a fresh Pursuit; I mean to pass the Severn Tide, To visit Friend on t'other Side; # And if your leifure Time permit, For Seafon scarce commences yet,

^{*} Public Adv. Sept. 23, 1767. † Lenden.——‡ Wales.

I should be proud of your Display,

For Bath of course is in my Way;

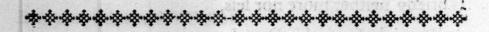
But if the Times are pressing still,

And Shoals demand your wond rous Skill,

Contented 'till a future Day,

Your jingling Scribbler U. must stay.

Your Kindness will, I hope, excuse This Freedom of a nerveless Muse; I beg a Line—with much Regard, Remain your most respectful Bard.



VERSES

In which the Author addresses two Sisters of his intimate Acquaintance, (one married unhappily) upon their informing him that they were obliged to submit to a Separation; the youngest, Miss H. going to live with her Mother.

I.

SCARCE yet reftor'd to focial Joy,
How little did I dream,
A fecond Stroke fo foon prepar'd,
To damp Life's future Scene!

And must our Friendship finish here?-But what must be your Grief,

Ill-fated Fair, depriv'd of all,

A Sister's dear Relief?

So fair, and yet fo early known, To Cruelty and Wrong,

The shameful Author well deserves, A Lash from ev'ry Tongue.

Let Patience, and a conscious Calm, Support your Virtue still;

Heav'n will afford you fresh Resource, Depriv'd of Sister H*LL.

But why Vaybyat? An Xid She but obeys a duteous Call, Nor willingly departs;

A Mother's Claim—what need of more To move the best of Hearts?

In Friendship's Name continue here, To foreign Parts why roam? * Preserve Equality of Mind, and to have the water of the You've ev'ry Thing at Home.

Upon

^{*} This Lady intimated a Defign of going Abroad.

Upon a certain ineffable Coxcomb, who scandalously abused the Author's Confidence.

T

WHY, you must have a roaring Trade,

An ample Fortune too;

Women and Wine! high Ven'son Feasts!

Who lives like Quinly You.

II'

Let fubtle Tom attend the Shop,

Gay Pleafures all your Care;

Whole Mornings spent in Billet-doux,

With dressing of your Hair.

Support your Virtue Milin

Your tasty Picture too I note,

O! you're a finish'd Piece!

But why VANDYKE? An Artist sure,

From Italy or Greece!

IV.

No more with Folly, all your own,

Proclaim a Sampson's Sway;

I've found in Slight you far surpass

His manual Display. *

An

^{*} As a striking Proof of the astonishing intellectual Qualifications of this new-fangled Gentleman, the Author here alludes to his extolling Sampson's Feats of Activity on Horseback as the finest "Manual Operations" he ever beheld.—Risum teneatis?

An EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM,

In Answer to a Witling's Attack upon Mr. MAHOON'S playing Macheath at Covent-Garden.

I.

PEACE, witling Scribbler—Johnny Gay
Was candid and fincere,
Mahoon has Merit—likes us well—
Regaling Eye and Ear.

II.

I fear you croak your own fad Fate,

"A Gibbet!"—ftop your Lay;

Or fpeedy Execution waits,

A SNARLER of the Day!



Sent to a Friend with the SNARLERS and IMPARTIALIST as a Present.

I. part & best Town

Th' impartial Scribbler's best Respects
Presents to friendly Eye,
His hettic Prose, with Candour view
These first Attempts to fly.

Time

II.

Time may mature this pleafing Flow;
(No profitable Trade!)

In almost ev'ry daily Print

My Signature's display'd. *

III.

Turn but to Yesterday's Address,

The Public Advertiser;

See there a Minor's bold Attempt,

To lash a Major wifer. †



EXTEMPORE

In Answer to an Invitation from two Ladies of the Author's intimate Acquaintance, in which they very genteely excus'd the Treat they design'd him, by saying, as "Friendship is the Party we know you'll excuse bad Fare."

A GAIN I'm honour'd by the Fair!
Your friendly Invitation
Has reach'd me safe—of more Esteem
Than highest Feast Collation.

Expect

* The Impartialist.

† The Lines address'd to Major John Spinnage, printed in the Public Advertiser, and sign'd " A Minor." Vide p. 74.

II.

Expect me, Ladies, at the Time,

No matter for your Fare;

'Tis Friendship's Party—happy Thought!

And I'll with Joy repair.

N. B. In Answer to your friendly Letter, Extemp're thus - for want of better.

EXTEMPORE

In Praise of the worthy patriotic CHAMBERLAIN, Sir THEODORE JANSSEN.

HEN Vice triumphant lords it in a State,
And foulest Actions stigmatize the Great,
Who but with Honesty of Soul must praise
That Man, whose Conduct in these canker'd Days,
Can stand the Test, above Detraction's Brawl,
And makes Integrity his All in All?
Nor think I paint too high—I'll give you Proof,
Janssen's that Man—e'en Envy speaks this Truth.



Upon a most selfish premature Advertisement in Lloyd's Evening Post, soliciting the Votes of the Liverymen of the City by one Wilsonn, to succeed the above most worthy Character in the Chamberlainship of London, Sir Theodore being then at Bath, and (thank Heaven!) yet amongst us.

SHAME to the bufy, meddling Age,
How vilely selfish Views engage!
What! bait for Place? solicit Votes?
(Curse to your Raven-croaking Notes!)
JANSSEN yet lives! preserve him Heav'n!
An honest Man's thy Blessing giv'n:
Far better for the World to see,
Ten thousand Wilsonns gone—than HE.



A CHARACTER.

IMPATIENT at another's Sense,
(Self-conscious that he's no Pretence)
Teachy and wayward, ne'er at rest,
Like weaning Child for Mother's Breast;

Display

Display but Reason's pow'rful Light,
His Soul ferments with fore affright;
No Worth Himself—at other's Praise
He pines and sickens out his Days:
Not feeble old, nor Stripling young,
Indecent Language fouls his Tongue;
At ev'ry passing Female Face,
Like Hamlet starts from sitting Place;
Cries, she's d—'d sine, if very Hag,
Debauchery his slorid Brag;
Eat up with Spleen to that Degree,
Sage Hill himself can't set him free.



EXTEMPORE

Upon the factions College Disputes between the LICEN-

I.

What! have the bold Licentiates broke
Your dictatorial Laws?

G 3

Not

Not herd with Brothers you've approv'd;
Fie! let the Matter pass:
We want no further Proof to show,
Ass brays—'gainst what?—an Ass!

An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Mifs

M uft I quit so old a Friend?

A nd for what? a venal End?

R ather let Relations sleer,

'T is the Way of World, my Fair;

H ave I not a Right to claim,

A s well as they, the Choice of Flame?

A nd I will affert my Right,
R eafon's fweetly beaming Light,
C ome propitious to my Aid;
H afte! and tell my fav'rite Maid,
E v'ry Bar may yet away,
R eft th' Event of coming Day.



EXTEMPORE

Upon reading an Extract from Dr. D** D's most elegantwrote Poems upon Popularity and Equality.

T.

VERY like my Friend D**D,
That you'll think it quite odd,

And yet I must frankly declare,
Your fweet Verse is so sine,
Such good Sense ev'ry Line,
It makes e'en a Stripling to stare.

II.

First then for your Measure,
O rare! quite a Treasure!
Where Beauty and Harmony join;
The World must admire
Such true nervous Fire,
And praise the poetic Divine.

HII.

Your Language how great!

With Thoughts fo compleat,

Do read the intelligent Page;

And be fure you must own,

The like never shown,

O! this is the wonderful Age!

IV.

A Word to the Wife,
They fay should suffice,
Then Doctor—(but pardon your Bard)
Stick to Building and Preaching.
You'll thrive best by Teaching,
And gain at least—vulgar Regard.



A certain CURE for immoderate GRIEF.

H! my poor Husband! cries the plaintive Wife,
Late the sole Joy and Comfort of my Life!
And art thou gone? Alas! the cruel Day,
Which snatch'd, by far my better Half away!
To me how irksome is this bushling Stage!
"Fie on't! O sie!" no longer I'll engage;—
Betsy, take Care you bury th' dear Soul
With high Respect;—my Sorrows to controul,
I'll post for Bath; the sprightly Ball may prove,
A sovereign Balm to cure—(and whet her Love)
Well, down she comes, shines forth in lovely Weeds,
And plainly shows her Grief, from Heart proceeds.

Upon seeing a very beautiful young Lady in Mr. LEAKE's Shop at Bath, (Oct. 24, 1767.)

I.

CLLING at Ease in Elbow-Chair,
That Danger was so pressing near,
How little did I dream?

II.

When, lo! to strike us with Surprize, So sweet a Form, such brilliant Eyes, An unknown Fair display'd!

III.

I felt my Heart beat strange Alarms,
I gaz'd with Rapture on her Charms;
A Cymon's Iphigene!

IV.

But as the Sun in high Mid-day, To intercepting Clouds gives Way, And leaves us in a Gloom;

V.

Thus, on a fudden from our Sight,
The Goddess Fair withdrew her Light,
And rapt us in a Cloud.

The JOURNAL of a DAY. A CHARACTER.

R OUS'D up at Fight from Night's Repose, By dear Rappee an ample Dofe,* First he falutes, with friendly Care, Your Humble thus, " Well, how does fare, You rested well I hope last Night?" Well my good Friend—thus far we're right: Then strait he takes to Ground, I provides His Pall & her Tea, my Mess besides. But hold, before we further fpeak His Actions, of his Dress we'll treat; His Morning's Trim, (but here take Note, You'll find he has a cleaner Coat) Upon his Self-fufficient Pate, I He wears a Cap of Woollen State; His Coat-O for a fertile Brain, But all Description would be vain, Our Eyes and Nose can better tell, How Thread-bare old, how rank its Smell;

And

^{*} He calls for his Box before he gets out of Bed.——

† The Author lodged there.——

‡ The Kitchen.——

§ For Polities Wife.——

¶ Gruel.——

¶ A passionate Lover of the Bombast.

And yet it might a Penny make, Would he my wholesome Counsel take; Sweet greafy Sir, why thus profuse? That clean Surtout may be of Use; Nay, further, ready Cash produce. Just as I spoke came screaming by, " Any Kitchen Stuff"—why there, fays I, Extract the unctious Virtue forth, She'll give a Groat, its utmost Worth. Enough of this—our Breakfast down, He strolls an Hour about the Town; But at Eleven with Speed returns, His Stomach ghaws, for Porter yearns; Nor would he quit his luke-warm Dose, * No, rather drop his Tell-tale Nofe. Come Pally, (this his coaxing Lure) Give me the Stuff, † our Morning's Cure, For Vapours and the gnawing Gout, Friend Frazier's T Portee & will keep out: The Stuff obtain'd—for, by the bye, His prudent Wife, with careful Eye, In her own keeping has the Pelf, Or else she'd quickly want herfelf;

Away

^{*} He always warms his Morning's Tip.—f The Money.—‡ The Rose and Crown Inn.—§ His pleasing cant Term for Porter.

The JOURNAL of a DAY.

A CHARACTER.

R OUS'D up at Fight from Night's Repose, By dear Rappee an ample Dose,* First he salutes, with friendly Care, Your Humble thus, † " Well, how does fare, You rested well I hope last Night?" Well my good Friend-thus far we're right: Then strait he takes to Ground, † provides His Pall & her Tea, my Mess besides. | But hold, before we further speak His Actions, of his Dress we'll treat; His Morning's Trim, (but here take Note, You'll find he has a cleaner Coat) Upon his Self-sufficient Pate, I He wears a Cap of Woollen State; His Coat—O for a fertile Brain, But all Description would be vain, Our Eyes and Nose can better tell, How Thread-bare old, how rank its Smell;

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Away

^{*} He always warms his Morning's Tip.--- † The Money.--- † The Rofe and Crown Inn,--- § His pleafing cant Term for Porter.

Away he hies, Black Jack in Hand, * But foon returns to Window-Stand; 4 " Here's to you, Pall," then fucks away, And leaves for Wife one Gulp a Day. I This finish'd, with approv'd Regard, Between his fav'rite Ponds & mounts Guard: There faunters 'till 'tis Time to think Of fomething both to eat and drink; Dinner's provided in a Trice, Potatoes are extremely nice; Of these we made a frequent Fare, For Butcher's Meat is very dear; Sometimes, indeed, we dreft a Chop; But then with Care forbore the Shop, Of furly Cleaver, who of late, Five Pieces lost in a Debate; The Story has appear'd in Print, The tafty Woodfall | took the Hint. His Cooking o'er, and I protest, No Dinner ever better dreft,

Th'

^{, *} The Tin warming-Pot.---- † He stands in the Yard, she sitting within at the Window.---- † By Contract the Wise is entitl'd to Half the Pint.----- § Just before his Door,----- || The Printer of the Public Advertiser; vide his Kentish Town Display of Architecture.

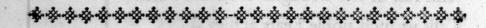
The Dunghill Coat is laid afide, And out he struts in Ruffet Pride; On no Account forgets his Snuff, Nor will he part without the Stuff; " A fingle Pint will do him good, And properly digest his Food, Refresh his Intellects, * you know-Come, Pall, your Charity bestow." She grants his Suit, he shrugs away, With Cash in Hand, he cannot stay: An Hour past, or two or three, We fee him once at least by Tea; With sparkling Eyes, and Mind elate, (For very little takes his Pate) Brim-full of Goffop-news returns, And full of felf-wrought Wonders burns; Tells us fuch noble Feats achiev'd, As would o'er-gorge the Fewish Creed; How Redshaw, † by his cutting Vein, Was fore diffected, rent in twain, And how he made him whole again.

By this the Sun declines apace, And almost ends his daily Race;

Not

^{*} His constant Term for the Bowels .---- + A Pot Companion.

Not so with him—like dropsy'd Souls,
Who still athirst o'er empty'd Bowls.
He must have more, another Pot,
And then a third, (the last forgot)
Until he's made a reeling Sot.
Impartially I must declare,
The dire Effects, when swol'n with Beer,
From Flippancy and Nonsense, Mirth,
Which Afternoon's Regale gave Birth;
He now commences Hector, Bully,
And is a very Captain Surly:
This lasts'till Morpheus Poppies shed,
Their Insluence o'er his shatter'd Head:
Observe the Journal of a Day,
With him thus passes Life away.



An E P I S T L E,

Address'd to a Relation.

STRANGE to relate, and yet how true,
Whene'er of late I hear from you,
Though your quick Answer to a Line,
But just receiv'd, (in which was Rhime)

You feem with most incurious Eye, As by Defign, to pass it by, Don't think I fish for Praise, my Bro', My Scrolls have no Defert, I know; And yet I think some slight Regard, You might bestow on Mushroom Bard; Not that because I'm born to write, Peruse you must in very Spite: In Pill and Bolus you abound, Give me of good Rump-Stake a Pound. Hold-now I've hinted your Profession, I hope it won't be deem'd Digression; If by the Way I make a Note, (My felf indeed I should not quote) I fent you Word of a Specific, By Regular * prescrib'd me when sick, In nervous Plaints, most nobly good, (Testis est Scribbler Underwood) And yet no Mention have you made, Though in your very Walk of Trade, 'Tis vastly strange, and yet a Truth, I thought you wou'd have wish'd the Proof,

And

* Dr. WYNSTOK.

And therefore offer'd to remit, By way of Samp', a Box of it; But now observe I press it not, Perhaps you think th' Effects forgot; Far otherwise—with grateful Heart, I shall revere the skilful Part, My worthy WYNSTOK has display'd, (An Honour to your healing Trade!) On Monday next, please Heav'n, I mean, To quit this noify uproar Scene; * But as I've not receiv'd from Wales The promis'd Line, a Doubt prevails, When I shall pass the Severn Tide, (Long pre-engag'd on t'other Side;) In the mean while BATH's my Address, Parade my Quarters - nothing less; If I should take a further Flight, You may affure yourfelf I'll write. We'll now take Breath-with much Regard, I rest your loving Bro' and Bard.

To

To a certain Lady in Bath, in Answer to some Verses of her's inserted in a public Paper, sign'd Belinda, and address'd to the Impartialist: The Satire is meant to resteet upon the Father and Brother only, who grosly maltreated me for endeavouring to prevent the Ruin of the latter, whom the Father was about to connect in Partner-ship with a certain House in Town, (then in a tottering State,) and of which I gave him the most friendly and disinterested Intimation.

IT is enough—I know you, Fair,

(Witness the Hill of Belvidere)

I wou'd not give design'd Offence,

No, by my Life, on no Pretence;

But when such gross abusive Wrongs,

Which must have blister'd certain Tongues,

When Treatment, which would shame a Turk,

And make him curse his own base Work,

When for the warmest friendly Aid,

To save a Son from ruin'd Trade,

Who but with me must scorn that Man?

Detesting his ungrateful Plan;

That abject Wretch, who pass'd me by,

Nay, with a Scandal-glaring Eye,

Slighted

102. MISCELLANIES.

Slighted, abus'd me for my Care,
And prov'd himfelf a favage Bear;
Why, let him redden—'tis a Truth,
For Spleen-struck English * is my Proof.



The Author's Answer to a Tenant, upon his sending him two very fine Geese out of Suffolk.

A S I'm an idle scribbling Sinner,
Of Goose I've eat so much at Dinner,
I scarce have Breath—a single Word;
But eating thus is quite absurd;
And yet such dainty, toothsome Food,
I know not how, can't be withstood.
Thanks to the Donor!—Fat enough;
Why they were both a very Puff;
And fed in Stubble—right, I ween,
These Cacklers knew full well to glean;
I should have thought they'd robb'd your Barn,
And done your Wheat some Pounds of Harm;
So sweet, so delicately sine,
Not George himself can better dine.

Upon

^{*} A certain Soul-gall'd Hosier.

Upon seeing Miss READ at BATH in the Character of ROSALIND in the Comedy of As you like it.

I.

SUCH a pleasing sweet Display,
Well demands a grateful Lay,
Fav'rite Muse affist the Strain,
Sing to Rosalinda's Fame!

II.

Elegance and sprightly Ease, Ev'ry Charm combin'd to please, Muse assist the slowing Verse, Rosalinda's Praise rehearse.

III.

What attractive Grace appears, Rapture to our Eyes and Ears; Quitting Female Garb, you move A perfect Ganymede in Love.

IV.

See her mock Orlando's Flame!

Hark! the taunting Cuckow's Strain;

Humour all her own appears,

Rapture to our Eyes and Ears.

V.

Banquet this which might invite, Gods themselves to earthly Sight; See, the Messenger of Jove Quick descending from above.

VI.

ARTHUR, * 'tis the Gods Decree,
Think not that it comes from me;
As we like it, so must They,
Give us oft this fav'rite Play.

The SMILING FAIR.

F

LITTLE flutt'ring bufy Heart,
Tell me why this pleafing Smart?
What's the Reafon when we meet,
Dimpl'd Smiles each other greet.

II.

Sure some attractive Pow'r,
From our Birth to present Hour,
Pre-ordain'd that we should love,
Let us then its Pleasures prove.

Frankly

III.

Frankly, thus, my lovely Fair, By your fparkling Eyes, and Hair, I invite you to explain, Why create each other Pain?

IV.

Hence dull ceremonious Mode, How I hate the formal Road! Real Love brooks no Delay, Leave to Danglers whining Play.



Address'd to the same Lady, at Bath.

I.

PUMP-ROOM Smiles are very fweet,
Laughing Eyes, whene'er we meet;
But befeech you, dimpl'd Fair,
Deign my honest Suit to hear.

II

O how happy shou'd I be,
If this Afternoon to Tea,
You'd permit me to repair,
Give me Leave, my dimpl'd Fair.

H 3

Frankly

III.

Frankly, with impartial Truth,
You shall know th' aspiring Youth;
Ev'ry Requisite reveal'd,
Not a Circumstance conceal'd.

IV.

I'll be open, gen'rous, free,
(Doubt not but the fame from Thee)
Let your Friends approve my Love,
Base Deceit I'm far above.

V

Grant me Liberty to speak,
By that charming dimpl'd Cheek,
Fraught with best Good-natur'd Glee,
Grant me but this Liberty.

VI.

Pause not long—for Friday next,

(Wou'd it were a diff'rent Text)

I'm engag'd to visit Wales;

But if painful Doubt prevails,

VII.

Tho' I purpose staying there,
But a fingle Week, my Fair!
Think how many Months 'twill be,
If I go unheard by thee.

distrik!

EXTEM-

EXTEMPORE

Upon the Author's being accus'd of having wrote against

Mrs. Y E A T E S.

SOME base designing—(down my Rage)
Has filch'd my Title * to engage:
I write 'gainst YEATES—forbid it Love,
Forbid it all ye Pow'rs above:

No, by my Life; full oft I've seen,
And ever prais'd that Goddess Mein;
Which with resistless Charms must sway,
Nay draws us from ourselves away:
Ill-fated Drury! curse the Hour,

That banish'd from thy Seat of Pow'r,
This peerless Fair:—Let Dancer strive,
To keep your glimm'ring Lamp alive.

To keep your glimm'ring Lamp alive, It will not do; to latest Times,

Prophetic I, (in honest Rhimes)

You'll rue th' Eclipse of Female Merit, And, with the Public, laud her Spirit,

The

-

The APOLOGY:

Address'd to a certain young Lady whom the Author had offended.

I.

CONSCIOUS that I've much offended,
Faults confess'd are half amended;
Thus repentant let the Muse,
Former youthful Flights excuse.

II.

Gross Presumption, I confess, For it can be deem'd no less, When a Wren's aspiring Flight Strives to gain the Eagle's Hight.

III.

Thus like PHÆTON of old, (Story that is Thread-bare told) I've presum'd to mount above, Prompted by ambitious Love.

IV

Grant your Pardon, never more Will I difrespectful soar; Time, that faithful, best Adviser, Has, I hope, inform'd me wiser. Semper Avarus Eget.

I.

CRIES Gripus, gloating on his Pelf,
O! what a noble Passion!
Since Love of Gain increases more,
The more we get Possession.

H.

Thus M****N thinks;—fuch dirty Souls
Are never worth our heeding;
Then fare you well, we give you Joy
Of this your conftant Breeding.



The WORLD Display'd:

Address'd to a certain BRISTOL COLONEL of the Yellow.

CALLING lately, mum for where,
Basking in an Elbow-Chair,
Gloating on a painted Piece,*
Which surpass'd the Works of Greece;
In his own conceited Whim,
(For Caprice is right with him)

Thus

* A great Lover of ill-chofe Pictures

Thus, but not in fervile Phrase, I abhor vile cringing Ways; " Sir, I mean to publish foon,* And I come to ask a Boon, Let me but enrol your Name, In my Lift, 'twill fwell my Fame."-Gripus star'd, with stupid Eyes, Testifying blank Surprize, Low'ring like a wint'ry Sky; (O! that Hogarth had been by!) " What's your Plan? Poetic Stuff! The World is clogg'd-we've had enough." Some Months ago he lik'd my Lines, When gratis he perus'd the Rhimes; † How alter'd are the present Times! Well, let it pass—this churlish Elf, Has my free Leave to keep his Pelf; I'll give no farther Soul Alarms, For who wou'd rouse a Man of Arms?

To orrang out of the Warden

* By Subscription.

† The Snarlers and Impartialist.

. PERMIT



To THOMAS MATHEWS, Efq.

Of Landaff, upon his Birth and Wedding-Day.

T.

MUSE propitiously attend,
Hail the Birth-Day of a Friend;
Add an interwoven Lay,
To his Hymenæal Day!

II.

Happy, happy youthful Pair!
Hail to fweet Leander's Fair!
What a charming graceful Mein,
Hail DIANA! * lovely Queen!

III.

Fraught with ev'ry Heart-felt Joy,
Not a Moment's blank Alloy;
May a Train of whitest Days,
Crown, with Happiness and Praise.

IV.

Sister Anna claims my Note, Brother's Likeness I must quote; Grant she shares a Sister's Fate, Bless'd like her in married State,

Address'd

re built out to list!

HOS SYSS TOO !

Sold vkinofein

^{*} Mrs. Mathews's Christian Name.

Address'd to Mrs. MATHEWS,

Upon the same Occasion.

I.

A T Friendship's Call my willing Muse,
Assists the Heart-sprung Lay;
And thus with best of Wishes hails
Leander's natal Day!

II.

Hail to the kind auspicious Hour,

That gave your Hero Birth;

But doubly blest that Halcyon Time,

You stamp'd his Fate on Earth!

III.

Who that beholds DIANA's Face,
Her very Goddess Mein,
But joins with Homage justly due,
To praise his peerless Queen?

IV.

How wou'd my Tongue, with florid Phrase,
Grow wanton in her Charms;
But soft! Leander's happy Fate,
Has doom'd her to his Arms.

V.

Long may you live in blisful State,

I wish it, by my Life;
And when I marry, grant, ye Gods!

Just such a lovely Wife.



An ACROSTIC, addressed to

Miss

A s mild as April-falling Show'rs, N ot a fingle Look that low'rs; N eat and elegant in Drefs,

M any Charms I can't express;
A s DIANA's lovely Mein,
T hus a Sifter Goddess seen;
H ow unequal are my Lays,
E v'ry striking Grace to praise;
W hat a pow'rful Charm to bind,
S uch a sweet, good-natur'd Mind!



To THOMAS MATHEWS, Efq.

In grateful Remembrance of the many Obligations conferr'd upon the Author, and in Praise of his courtly Hospitality.

I.

COPIOUS Subject for the Day,
Fav'rite Muse then come away,
To Leander's courtly Seat,*
Where the Graces daily meet;
Thither haste with grateful Lay,
Pleasing Subject for the Day.

II.

See, presiding at her Board,
With the nicest Dainties stor'd;
Sweet Diana, Mistress Quéen,
What a courteous graceful Mein!
Happy, happy youthful Pair,
Health to sweet Leander's Fair.

TIT

Social Pleafure there abounds,
Prudent Mirth in fportive Rounds;

See

^{*} Known by the elegant Distinction of " The Court."

See the laughing Hours pass,
Varied by the Cards and Glass;
Social Pleasure yields Relief,
Or we die through Weather Grief.*

IV.

View Leander's chosen Friends,
(Not through any venal Ends)
He's a noble gen'rous Heart,
Scorns a dirty M****N's Part:
See his worthy friendly Corps,
Edmondes, Jones, and many more.

V.

Muse enrol with high Esteem,
For it is a darling Theme;
Hand to public Note a Name,
Which must swell thy puny Fame;
Tell the World with much Regard,
The worthy Davis † treats your Bard.

VI.

By my Life it joys me more, To inlift in fuch a Corps;

Though

^{*} Remarkably rainy at the Time this was wrote.

^{*} Mr. JAMES DAVIS, of Landaff in Wales; a perfect Man of Ross.

Though a private Napsack Man, (Since the Love of All's our Plan) Than to hold a Post in State, Curs'd amongst our little Great.

VII.

Heaven! it is my ardent Pray'r,
With propitious Favour hear;
Grant a Train of happy Years,
(Such as prefent Time appears)
May in whitest Order grace,
Good Leander's courtly Place.



An E L E G Y,

Address'd to EDMUND TRAHERNE, Esq. upon the much-lamented Death of his amiable Lady.

F

MUSE afford thy wonted Aid,
Come, not fimiling, fav'rite Maid;
Quit, O quit thy wanton Sport,
Well receiv'd of late at Court.

II.

Grief, the "Sorrow-loaded Sigh" *
Now demands a wat'ry Eye;
Muse in elegiac Strain,
Sooth the good Amintor's Pain.

III.

Alas! the cruel fatal Day,
Which Meliora fnatch'd away;
And left you widow'd to deplore
The Loss of such a precious Store.

IV.

"How mild her Influence!" how refin'd!

What dear Perfections of the Mind!

But even Virtue's Self can't fave

Her Vot'ry from an early Grave.

V.

To Heav'n's high Will fubmissive bow, Such Blessings granted here below, Are doom'd to take an early Flight, Too rich for longer mortal Sight.

I

But,

* The Author takes the Freedom to quote Mr. T's Language, from a very pretty Composition of that Gentleman's, wrote from Exeter, (before his Marriage) upon his Absence from his intended Lady, whom he stiles Meliora.

VI.

But, foft! a Beam of Hope appears, A young Aminton, (bless his Years!) Is giv'n to calm a Father's Grief, O! may he long afford Relief!

VII.

May coming Time improve your Boy, In ev'ry pleafing Heart-felt Joy; May Meliora's graceful Air, Reflected in his Form appear.

VIII.

Long may you both continue here, To Selves, to ev'ry Heart most dear; And when remov'd to upper Light, Grant MELIORA joys your Sight.

EXTEMPORE

Upon the Death of a most amiable young Lady, at. BRISTOL HOT-WELL.

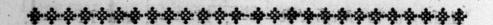
H! thou fell Tyrant, who's destructive Sway, And lawlefs Rule, all Mortals must obey; 'Twere Pity, on my Life, so sweet a Fair, To Parent, Sisters, and Acquaintance dear: Poffes'd Posses'd of Charms might fire a Hermit's Soul,
Calm Rage itself, the frantic Mind controul;
Duteous in Conduct, and with mental Grace
Enrich'd, as nobly as with Heav'nly Face;
That such a Fair, in Life's sweet blooming Flow'r,
Shou'd fall a Victim to thy ruthless Pow'r,
Who but must grieve?—must share a Parent's Moan?
And feel her Pangs, as if they were our own?



Address'd to Messers. R-----, H----s, and M-----, upon reading Mr. PIERCE's Narrative concerning his late-invented Styptic Medicines.

SHAME to fuch vile, detracting Elves!
What! Merit centers in themselves?
O! yes; no Doubt you'll find it true,
If Pierce's Story you review;
Peruse his honest artless Page,
In proper Colours see the Age;
This Spleen-struck World of envious Souls,
Whom canker'd Interest controuls;
Observe how patient Merit bears
The Pride of Office;—down my Tears,

Or I shall, Female-like, bewail,
Reading this worthy Artist's Tale.
Gods! what Abuse! And shall Mankind,
Because a selfish sew are blind,
Want his approv'd, this noble Art?
Shame to Venality of Heart!
No, fear it not, my honest Rhimes,
(Nor am I vain) to coming Times,
Shall with a Pierce's Worth unite,
And hand "Desert" to public Sight.



A POETIC EPISTLE,

Address'd to a Friend in WALES, wrote at BATH.

RESOLV'D, at all Events, to quit
The Clamour of a Town Cock-pit,
Here I arriv'd last Tuesday Night,
Just in the Nick of Wrong—or Right;
We've strange Commotions in this State,
Wars, horrid Wars, 'mongst little Great;
A lawless Band of Rioteers,
Have set the Circle by the Ears,

On fell Defign, or more or lefs, (Which they've avow'd from thund'ring Press) Than to depose from regal State, King DERRICK, with their baneful Hate. I'm neutral yet—not that I fear, I'd speak my Mind tho' H- was here: And yet I fay with Jack-Avast, They stumble oft who run too fast; Shou'd I refolve, I'll put in Steep, Thefe Rioteers, in Pickle deep, Doubt not the Winter through they'll keep: That I've the Art to cure well, Let Scoundrells P---- B---- tell. The urgent Post here stops my Lay, Or I shou'd scribble out the Day; Farewell—prefent my best Respects,

The BATH SQUABBLE. A Song.

I.

HAT a factious Debate
Has arisen of late,
Usurpation I sear is on float;

And candidly excuse Defects.

I 3

But

But Courage, my Friends,

They'll not gain their Ends,

King Derrick will still find Support,

Brave Boys,

King Derrick will still find Support.

II.

Let A***s and S******
Rave, bully, and fcowl,
Regard not their bluft'ring Noise;
Prophetic I tell,
The more Stir the worse Smell,
Then Courage my Derrican Boys;
Brave Boys,
Then Courage my Derrican Boys.

III.

Low Cunning, Deceit,
Our Senses shan't cheat,
Their selfish Designs are well known;
Innovations won't do,
Time after will rue.
If scurvily now we lay down,
Brave Boys,
If scurvily now we lay down.

IV.

Let the Season advance,
We'll lead them a Dance,
Shall caper them out of their Schemes;
November shall prove,
Our Monarch we love,
Then a Fig for chimerical Dreams,
Brave Boys,
Then a Fig for chimerical Dreams.



A POETIC EPISTLE,

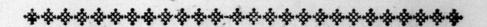
Address'd to some Ladies of the Author's Acquaintancce in Town, inclosing the preceeding Song.

Least you should think I mean to slight,
I've seiz'd my Quill thus soon to write:
I sled from Town t' avoid the Times,
Least they shou'd plunge me into Rhimes;
Lo! the Effects—why, Ladies, here,
Still more provoking they appear,
Already I've engag'd—a Proof;
I tell you nothing but strict Truth;

Mark

Mark the inclos'd—What cou'd, I fay? A Monarch's Caufe demands a Lay: King DERRICK's Dignity to fave, His tott'ring Power from the Grave. Provok'd me on; his Title's good, Or neuter wou'd your Scribbler stood; But to illustrate this Dispute, And tell you whence it first took Root-DERRICK, by Suff'rage of the Great, Obtain'd the Rule of this gay State; Nor can I learn—he's much offended, Faults we have all—his not intended; Sometimes, by even those in Rule, 'Tis pleafant deem'd to play the Fool; And yet a Band of upftart Souls, Whom Thirst of Interest controuls. Have clan'd themselves into a Crew. A Sage Committee-wife, as true; A***s and S***** the Rebels head, With Hearts of Stone, and Sculls of Lead: I think I've put 'em into Steep; But least they should not rightly keep, 'Tis ten to one but very foon. I rate 'em to this very Tune.

Here break we off.—With much Regard, I rest your most respectful Bard.



An EXTEMPORE ACROSTIC,

Address'd to Mrs. Edmondes, upon her little Daughter.

Mifs

M irth, Good-nature, fprightly Ease,
As much as tender Years can please;

R eafon's early Dawn display'd,

I n your little fav'rite Maid;

A nd I wish in honest Rhime,

E v'ry graceful Charm with Time;

D uty's Call in ev'ry Stage,

M ay your little Fair engage;

Of Perfections grant the Mind,

N or can ought fo furely bind;

D ear to all, her Parents most,

E v'ry Year a Grace to boaft,

S uch I wish my little Toast,

EXTEM-

EXTEMPORE

Upon RICHARD TURBERVILLE, Esquire's offering his Services to the County of Glamorgan in Wales.

Lords it amongst our Honour-grasping Great;
When Actions which wou'd stigmatize a Turk,
And make him curse his own base Canvas-Work;
Who but must honour, much approve that Man,
Directed by a far more worthy Plan?
That gen'rous Soul, who with an honest Heart,
In these corrupted Times, avows a Part,
So nobly great, a Cato well might claim,
(For Love of Country is a God-like Aim)
Then show your Love, accept his profer'd Care,
Rest on his honest Zeal, you've nought to fear;
Join One and All to give his Merits due,
The more you savour Him, the safer You.



EXTEMPORE

Upon seeing Miss READ, at BATH, in the Character of Rosalind, in As you like it.

Are Requisites to charm and please,
Read must attract our first Esteem,
In Rosalind, observe her Mein;—
The very Cuckoo's Note I hear,
To married Dupes a Word of Fear,
How galling to the Hen-peck'd Ear!
In ev'ry Sentence, ev'ry Deed,
How charming is this Ganymede!
Envy must own thy wond'rous Merit,
And grow enamour'd with such Spirit,

A POETIC EPISTLE,

Address'd to a Lady at the Hot-Well, Bristol, wrote in Wales.

PARDON, Madam, this Intrusion,
But of Rhime I've such Profusion,
Write I must, in my own Way,—
Why to Me?—I' hear you say:

Troth,

Troth, because at friendly Board You regal'd me like a Lord; And your Treatment so polite, Grateful thus my Muse will write: Ever fince I landed here, Scarce a fingle Hour fair; Rain and Wind without Ceffation; If a Moment's calm Vacation, Quick a gloomy wint'ry Sky, Hovers with malignant Eye, Strait enfues a beating Rain, (Noah's Flood renew'd again) Nothing but a House Employ: Hunting, Shooting, manly Joy! Both forbid - to active Mind. Galling thus to be confin'd; Indeed (as at the present Time) I steal away to fav'rite Rhime; Dearest Muse! thou best Support, To visit thee I quit a COURT .-I know you wish my Clio's Fame; A Proof-I'm honour'd with your Name; My Lift fwells nobly; good Report; Nay, further, owing to the COURT.

On Tuesday next (please Heav'n) I mean,

To quit this friendly,—wat'ry Scene,
And, as you pre-advis'd, suppose
I take at Well a resting Dose;
After the Perils of the Sea,
So snug a Birth must well agree;
O! how I love your Garden Spot,
And eke your little Grotto-Cot:
Our sweet Review can't be forgot.

But foft! the Post is going out,
Per-force I quit my jingling Rout;
Then fare you well—with much Esteem,
I greet our Friends at Hot-Well Scene.



A POETIC EPISTLE,

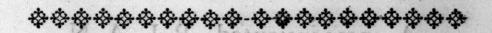
Address'd to T. Mathews, Esq. of Landass, who had promis'd the Author an introductory Letter to Mr. FOOTE.

As in sleepless Bed I lay,

" Jog LEANDER's friendly Mind, THO Touching Promife left behind." when all the old Thus my Muse—I must obey, avbassing way as but For her Commands brook no Delay. Master FOOTE, that Prince of Wags, Posting with his own Dun Nags, BATH has left some Time ago, (And indeed you hinted fo) and shall are seen but A. Shortly I delign for Town, But shall foon again come down; Send me then your promis'd Letter, To gain the Ear of this Face-Setter; He will help my Canvas more, I greet our Friends at Than Dukes or Lords, a very Score-Already you have shown Regard, And much avail'd your grateful Bard; Add this Fayour, I'm contented, Trust me it shan't be repented. An Accident I've got to tell, Which happen'd late at Briftol Well; Lady F---- has loft a Daughter, Who was there to drink the Water; I arriv'd that very Night, and fording OVIHEI Just as Breath was taking Flight;

By Peep of Day, "What, ho! my Quill,"
For my Muse wou'd not lay still;
Strait in Elegiac Strain,
I address'd the Mother's Pain;
'Twas well receiv'd—there's good Report,
For she has Weight at Royal Court.

Farewell—present my best Respects,
And candidly excuse Desects.



the chart Heat prouding a

ovig won than Scott off the

EXTEMPORE

Upon a certain charitable DIVINE, who, upon a pious Pretence of enlarging his Church, rooted up the Dead in order to effect this falutary Purpose.

I.

BY living Means, most griping Elves,
Scrape precious Pelf to Chest;
But this Divine more subtle grown,
Won't let the Dead take Rest.

Mount

H.

Mount but to C—ft—n's tow'ring Hill,
My weeping Friends, behold,
The pious T*x**R brings to Light
Your Dead—for Thirst of Gold.

The above Hint proving infufficient to disfuade this avaricious Elf from proceeding in his Scheme, the following more explicit Denunciation was wrote against him.

A new-invented P L A N

To raife Money with the Dead.

İ

To move the Living-Race;

But by an Art, divinely rare!

The Dead must now give Place.

II.

Right Master T**L*R, root 'em up,
One Hole will well suffice;

What! fingle Graves for mould'ring Clay!

Parsons are now Ground-wife.

III.

We want more Room, the Church's too small— This our Whister's Plea;

But entre noûs his dirty Soul, Grasps at fresh Burial Fee.*

IV.

Shame to fuch facrilegious Acts!

What! rouse the sleeping Dust?—

Consider, T**L*R, Time wings on,

Return to Dust You must.

Violence benefit said

Then ask yourself, how it would grate

Such After-Treatment giv'n ?—

Replace your Dead, or much I fear You'll miss the Way to Heav'n.

VI. Sp. mand you govil I health

Your mumping Quality † I know;
What! beg of all who come;

Fie!—blush Content!—we'll down, no more—
So keep your List at Home.

K A PO-

* However strange to relate, the Author has been credibly inform'd of this Worthy's charging for Re-burial.

† Upon any fresh Resort to the Hot-Well, Bristol, a Book is dispatch'd by this *Gripus* to ask a Contribution for some extra Prayers at his Church.

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A POETIC EPISTLE,

From Bath, to Dr. WYNSTOK, who (under Providence) recover'd the Author from a most deplorable Nervous Complaint.

THO' remov'd full many a Mile, Still my Muse, with grateful Smile, Greets, with most respectful Heart, My worthy Wynstok's skilful Art. Under Heav'n, to you I owe All the healthful Joys which flow; And when I forget your Care, Strait for fake me vital Air. Gratitude, thou noble Chain! Keep me ever in thy Train; That I live, nay beam again, A certain Proof-my teaming Vein; Ev'ry Day I broach a Mine; If I speak a single Line, Instant in a rhyming Stile, Another steals with pleasing Wile: That I advance a ferious Truth, Mark the inclos'd, a printed Proof;*

" Propofals,"

^{*} Proposals for this Work.

" Propofals," or my Bill of Fare, Trust me you will not find it dear; Foul, Fish, and Flesh, such dainty Food, By Englishmen can't be withstood: A Dutchman too, I hope, may eat; In fine I bid you to the Treat; The Cost is mod'rate, you find, But Half a Crown—and one behind. To your great Friendship and Regard, I trust the Cause of Mushroom Bard. In a few Days, (please Heav'n!) I mean, To move for Town, your noify Scene; In private Book I'll fet you down, And many more, I trust, in Town: To HIGHGATE Friends my best Respects; With friendly Candour view Defects.



A POETIC EPISTLE,

Sent to a neglectful Friend from BATH.

WHAT! forfake without a Cause?
Outrage this to Friendship's Laws;
Give me but to know the Reason,
Neither high or petty Treason;

Have

Have I schem'd 'gainst you or State-Why incur your Slight, or Hate? Wherefore to Siberia fent? How deferv'd this Banishment? Ever fince September last, Not a fingle Line has past; If to Baker's * you'd address'd me, Friendly Letter had not miss'd me; For an Agent I've in Town, Who remits my Packets down: Full fix Weeks I've fojourn'd here, Scribbling daily, foul or fair: Into Wales too I've been rambling, CARDIFF Bounds once more perambling; But 'bove all, a Piece of News, sieff synamulie (Fuel shortly for Reviews) I've engag'd to bring to Light, A bold Octave, for public Sight: In fecond Month of coming Year, (If Heav'n fo grant my Health to spare) I defign to give it Birth; A motley Tome as e'er on Earth.

Subscription

^{*} A Coffee-House in Town.

Subscription is my present Mode; And here I print-of London Road, I've got a Surfeit—cheating Elves! Excise my Brain, to fat themselves! From Wales I've many a worthy Name, And your's I'll add to fwell my Fame; Bustle amongst your Country Friends, Trust me 'twill answer all their Ends; Nor can the Rate be thought too dear, When Fish and Flesh, and all that's rare, Is fmoking fet upon the Board, Might tempt the Stomach of a Lord: But what's the Shot ?—I hear you cry; First, Half-a-Crown; and (by the bye) Another when the Fare's on Table, Then fall to,—Knife and Fork most able.

Next Week I purpose taking Flight,
A London Rout, that goodly Sight!
But as I ride my own dear Lad,
(Late bought in Wales) I mean my Nag;
I shall with gentle Pace proceed,
Tho' trust me he's of racing Speed:

K 3

You

You must remember Larth * in June,
At Cardiff starting, (out of Tune,
I must confess) and yet with ME,
He's all I wish a Horse should be,
Easy, genteel, and sprightly free.
To give him Proof of my Esteem,
I've dub'd him Churchill—glorious Theme!
'Twou'd do you good to see him prance,
I'm sure he must been taught in France;
But when I press his conscious Back,
And hold Discourse in wanton Clack,
He pricks his Ears, looks nobly great,
Informs me with a Churchill's Heat.

In Course of next ensuing Week,
My Crondal † Friend at Home I'll seek:
Then say not like a Thief by Night,
I came to chill you with Affright;
Expect me rapping at your Door—
Now sare you well, at press no more.

The

The Author's Horse was call'd by this Name when he run at Cardiff in Wales.

⁺ In Surry.

The Grateful TRIBUTE;

Address'd to Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON, of Exeter, upon hearing the Lycidas of Milton perform'd (under his Direction, and the Music of his own composing) at Gyde's Room in Bath, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1767, (wrote the same Night.)

THAT! though unknown, my grateful Muse, Disdaining mean punctilio Views, Thus early, and thus warmly too, Hails Handel's Fire reviv'd in You. JACKSON, go on; Peace to your Fears! No more address base Roast-Beef Ears; * Too nobly great for fing-fong Days, Thy Genius foars 'bove vulgar Praise. Gods! with what Pleafure, what Delight, I view'd the Circle, paffing bright; What Soul-sprung Extacy of Joy Spoke in each Face—no black Alloy; 'Twas Rapture all! Strains fo divine, " A nervous Soul in ev'ry Line." Nor must unnotic'd pass along The LINLEY's fweetly pleafing Throng:

Hark!

This Piece was but indifferently receiv'd at Covent-Garden.

Regale the Ear; how pleafing floats
Her Melody of Voice;—fuch Eafe,
Such Elegance of Art must please:
Gerdini's thrilling Sounds I hear;
The Brother's † Solo charms the Ear;
The Father, ‡ too—his noble Strain,
My Muse enrolls in List of Fame.



Upon a certain conscientious Undertaker, who, in order to promote his own Business, sent an anonymous Letter to a Gentleman who had employ'd one of the same Trade, infinuating the Impositions that Gentleman must expect from an honest Man; at the same Time modestly pointing out (by an under-rated Catalogue inclos'd in his Letter) his own pretended Mode of Charge upon such Occasions.

I.

HO but must praise such honest Truth, Such Purity of Heart;

You take the noblest Means to raise Your Credit—and your Art.

Detract

* Miss Linley. Master Linley. Mr. Linley.

II.

Detract against your Brother Trade,
To Wealth's the furest Road;

Let others plod in beaten Track, You've found a readier Mode.

III.

Go on, and profper—(if you can)
Such dirty Acts befpeak

The foulest Aim, and well may raise The Colour in your Cheek.

IV.

For Shame! adopt a fingle Grain
Of Charity, at least;

Or you'll be deem'd a Glutton Elf,
At your own fnarling Feaft.

V

Take heed—apply this wholesome Hint: Reform—indeed you'd best;

Your Name is known—I'll hang you up,
A Terror to the rest!

VI.

You're young in Trade,—this mod'rate Lash
At present shall suffice;

Provoke no more fatyric Truth—
"Be honest"—if you're wise.

Upon a young Woman, who, from her very strong Likeness to a Jew-Appearance, about the Eyes, the Author gave the Name of his "Jew's Eye."

A S O N G.

I.

FOR sprightly Looks and bonny Mein,
Of all the Girls that e'er I've seen,
In Town or Country's fairest Scene,
There's none like fav'rite Jew's Eye.

II.

Such dimpl'd Smiles, and lively Air,
To her what other can compare?

She's ev'ry Thing that's fweet and rare,
My charming fav'rite Jew's Eye.

III.

Her jetty Locks, with tempting Grace,
In careless Ringlets shade her Face,
To her all other Girls give Place,
My lovely fav'rite Jew's Eye.

TTT

Her Kisses how ambrosial sweet,

For Gods 'emselves the highest Treat;

What Extacy whene'er we meet,

My dear engaging Jew's Eye.

V.

Ye Pow'rs prefiding o'er the Fate
Of Lovers, and the wedded State,
Grant her your very best of Mate,
My all-deserving Jew's-Eye.

VI.

May Length of Life, and happy Days, Protect her long with deathless Praise, And very late to your bright Blaze, Translate my fav'rite Jew's Eye.

An EPISTLE,

To a Friend, who was pleased to approve of the Author's SNARLERS and IMPARTIALIST.

E XCUSE me, 'tis my present Vein,
To amble in poetic Strain;
The same to me, at any Time,
Whether I scribble Prose or Rhime;
Blunders in both you're sure to meet,
And therefore thus I choose to greet.—
Thanks for your Favour;—I must own,
I'm pleas'd my hettic Prose goes down;

It glads a Stripling's Heart to find, These fnarling Times, one candid Mind, Who with a partial, friendly Eye, Surveys his first Attempts to fly: And not like lurking, fell Reviews, Who thunder out upon his Muse, And think at once to strike her Mute, Because she dares their Taste dispute;— Nor cares to facrifice her Right, But thinks and acts from Reason's Light; To fwell these felf-blown Bubbles, more If possible, than heretofore. Far otherwise, on Candour's Plan, You judge most like an Englishman; And think with me, that Lords of Lawn, Richly deferve the Lash—our Scorn; And that " Be-crefted Villains" * ought, (Thanks for this happy, galling Thought) To be expos'd to public View, Label'd Hic niger,—Cave Tu: 'Tis Subject for a better Pen, To stigmatize these flagrant Men.

I must

I must confess; and yet I'll strive To keep their Consciences alive: Without an honest, wholesome Lash, deldons shoot Lords would become fuch shameful Trash, Scarce to be known from vulgar Kind; And fo degenerate in Mind-Presentain it as you But with a little friendly Hint, nd armaid of Apply'd, repeated thus in Print, Some, are giv'n Lei May Act as worthy as they ought, Others, instell d by With ev'ry focial Virtue fraught: I trust they will—for proper Rhimes Will mend the very worst of Times. You know my Plan, allow it good-Sincerely your's is UNDERWOOD.



Presented to a certain Lady of Quality, upon the Death of her eldest Daughter.

I.

MUSE attend, difrob'd of Smiles,

Quit, oh! quit thy sportive Wiles;

Tis a gloomy, dreary Day,

Now demands a plaintive Lay.

Muse

of nil Tees bas a Nolmo June I

Muse in elegiac Strain,

Sooth a noble Mother's Pain;

Lend thy philosophic Art,

Calm her Grief-distracted Heart.

III.

Pre-ordain'd at very Birth,
To fojourn but a Time on Earth;
Some, are giv'n Length of Date,
Others, fnatch'd by early Fate,

IV

To Heav'n's high Will submissive bend,

To Souls resign'd a constant Friend;

'Tis ours to bear Affliction's Rod—

A Murmur, is Offence to Gop!

V.

Rest, thou afflicted Matron, rest,
Trust me, whatever is "Is BEST;"
A duteous Daughter you deplore,
Thank Heav'n you still possess a Store.

VI.

And, lo! a noble Son appears,

Full fraught with Worth in early Years;

May a long Train of happy Days

Protect his Life, advance his Praise.

Mule

Presented to two Ladies (Sisters of the Deceas'd) accompanied with the Author's Proposals for printing this Work.

I.

NOT a Patron to befriend,
Wou'd you Ladies, condescend,
But to take the least Regard
Of th' impartial scribbling Bard;
How my grateful Heart wou'd glow,
If such Honour you'd bestow!

II. of the entire and

Deign to favour with your Care,
Proposals, or my Bill of Fare;
If you hint it to your Friends,
It may answer gen'rous Ends;
Trust me, Ladies, I'd not sue
To any but such Fair as You.

III.

Grief employs the present Time,
And in sympathetic Rhyme,
I lament your Sister's Fate,
The common Lot of Poor and Great:
Bear it then with equal Mind,
God is ever just and kind.

Your

Your Lady-Mother will excuse The Freedom of my honest Muse; She cou'd not, for her Life, forbear, To join a sympathetic Tear: I hope it won't be deem'd Offence, Which I would give on no Pretence.

Upon feeing Mr. BARRY and Mrs. DANCER in the Characters of Romeo and Juliet.

i. Debay diversion of or mind

HERE was a Time, (cries Cynic-Elf,) When BARRY's noble Fire Fill'd ev'ry Breaft with Heart-felt Joy, With Rapture and Defire.

But now, alas! how strangely chang'd! Old Age"—I'll hear no more; Last Night I saw our Romeo shine E'en brighter than before. i amen vour biller's i

His Figure how attractive fine, His Action 'bove Compare; And not an Equal to be found, If DANCER was not there.

To any but fach Fair

IV. 110 . Plant thew are to only

Hail to the Juliet of the Age,

With grateful, best Regard;

Thy Praises thus in honest Lay,

From the impartial Bard.

V. no Hackorg mere his control.

Old Drury must not, cannot die,
Whilst Garrick's Genius reigns;
A Barry—lovely Dancer too—
Forbid Oblivion's Chains.

ents A. M. VI. and a stoll over book His

Then fay not Covent-Garden Chiefs

Deferve your only Care;

Leave Prejudice at Home, you'll find

An equal Pleafure here.



The Author's Introductory APOLOGY, presented to DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

GRANT your Pardon—'tis my Muse,
Her Commands I can't refuse;
Months ago this slippant Jade,
(Still I must love the busy Maid)

F.

Urg'd

Urg'd me with ambitious Speech, Thus to foar above my Reach; But of late by Day and Night, More and more this Lady Spright Spurs me on-Up-rouse my Bard, For me if you profess Regard; Paule no more, with Haste repair, And court the worthy GARRICK's Care: Under his protecting Wings, (Of more Avail than Pow'r of Kings) I'll give you Flight; his fost'ring Name, For he enjoys the brightest Fame, Shall hand you up to public Eyes; Then trust to me-obey, be wife. If after this you take Offerte, I spiles I happen A Which I would give on no Pretence; Permit your Scribbler to go free, 'Tis Lady Spright offends-not ME.



Presented to George Colman, Esq.

MY bold, aspiring, honest Muse,
(Despising ceremonious Views)

Million and grant and the

Ambitious

Ambitious in her Thirst of Fame,
And glosying in a Colman's Name,
Has urg'd me with intruding Speech,
To foar above my pigmy Reach;
I wou'd have check'd her daring Flight,
But she, all Fire, by this good Light!
Declar'd she'd leave me to my Fate,
And grov'lling I shou'd rue my State,
If I presum'd to stop her Speed:
She will'd it, and I must proceed;
I dare no more; this her own Lay,
By stern Command, I've pen'd To-day:
Beseech you to her Faults be blind,
"For as a Man you love Mankind."*



Wrote at the Request of a Gentleman upon the Death of his Lady, ten Months after their Marriage.

I.

"INSATIATE Death!—what! not to spare So loving, so belov'd a Fair!
Thus early, in Life's blooming Flow'r,
A Victim to thy ruthless Pow'r!

Ĺ 2

Con'd

* A Line out of Mr. Colman's Terence.

H. to Must red in succession L.

Cou'd not our Hymenæl Love stud glorung in a Cor Diffuade the Deed? thy Pitty move? Alas! the cruel, fatal Day, lo foat above inv bigin Which fnatch'd my better Half away.

To Me how weary, flat, and stale Is further Life! an irksome Tale! Not Time itself can yield Relief; it I prefund to tio Mine is a Soul-fubstantial Grief."

ill I guill'very back

Thus plaintive mourns the widow'd Lord Of fair Elisa—Muse afford Thy friendly Balm; affift the Lay! Sooth the Distraction of that Day.

Take Comfort, thou afflicted Youth, Tho' great thy Loss, (a painful Truth) Thus Heav'n decrees; fubmissive bow; Its Mandates rule Events below.

I I incout of Mr. Couman's Tereside

With equal Mind support your State; The Muse, with healing Thought elate, Foretells an early Comfort near, Again shall bless a loving Fair.

The SUFFOLK PEDAGOGUE.

LUTTED with Spoils from lashing Skill, This Hector, -Bully, -what you will, Retir'd from Noise, and School-boy's Strife, To live at Ease with pigmy Wife. to realizations as a At Ease? cries CANDOUR, slanding by, That cannot be, 'twixt You and I; Though he's of Patagonian Size, A very Tow'r to mod'rate Eyes, Yet let me tell you, she's a Soul, Superior far to his Controul: How have I laugh'd at daily School, To hear this Hen-peck'd Giant-Tool, Bully and rave with fuch an Air, When feated in his lordly Chair, As chill'd each puny Boy with Fear. But when at Home, as mild as Lamb, Bleating for Lofs of fuckling Dam; There, like a Dutchman, fmoaking fit, As void of Breeding—as of Wit!

Bury's * a wholesome, snug Retreat,

I mean except the Risby-Street)

L 3

* St. Edmund's.

'Twas

Twas here my Mother (bless the Time)

Produc'd to Light this Babe of Rhyme;

Our native Soil how sweetly fair,

Such kind Attraction in the Air,

But this our English Montpellier.

No wonder then, that Pedant Elf,

Who dearly loves his dirty Self,

Shou'd here reside—expell'd the School,—

We'll say resign'd—to please the Fool.

Let other Pastors mind their Church,

He's more resn'd—for in the Lurch

(In spite of worthy Neighbour Burch*)

My Hargrave's lest from Year to Year,

This Rev'rend Hobnail comes not near.

Sweet, humble Bob, apply this Hint,
Or be affur'd when next I print,
I'll goad your lazy dronish Sides,
And tell you further Truths besides:
At present, let this Dose suffice;
For tho' we cannot make you wise,
Still it may work some trisling Good,
Apply'd by Patron Underwood.

Bully and rave with fiteli an A ir

Upon

ptw Tlesa Roll Man a saw pt

Upon a certain old Lady, who play'd very much at Cards, but with little Temper.

IN Form, a Patagonian Size,
Difguftful, e'en to vulgar Eyes;
O'er-run with Manners groß and rude,
Affecting—what?—A worn-out Prude:
Fie, Lady Dainty, give up play,
No more at Cards growl Time away;
To Church, instead of Rooms, repair,
Confess yourself in daily Pray'r.



Address'd to a Lady in BATH, who complimented the Author by expressing a Desire to see his favirite Horse Churchill.

I.

CHURCHILL! my dear, protecting Friend,
(His Merit's 'bove Compare)

Thus, by his Herald Master greets

Yourself and lovely Fair.*

Vertical and right guided Since

* Her amiable Daughters.

II.

Since you've express'd a noble Zeal,

To view his geodly Mien,

To-morrow, at the Hour of Twelve,

In Court-Yard he'll be seen.

III.

Remember that I make no Boast

How plump, or sleekly fine,

"He's honest," likes us passing well,
And conscious that he's mine.

The Grateful TRIBUTE,

In Praise of his Horse; wrote the Morning after a very narrow Escape from being robb'd, near Town.

THANKS, my all-worthy Servant, Friend,
'Twas kindly done—no felfish End;
But high Respect, and dear Regard,
For your most grateful Master-Bard;
'Twas sterling Love, that wing'd your Flight,
Secur'd me in the dang'rous Night,
When lurking Villain for his Prey,
Rejoicing in the Close of Day,

Wou'd,

Wou'd, with a Horror-chilling Fear, Thunder'd his Mandate in my Ear; red inguests for the And, Ruffian-like, perhaps my Life (Too frequent in fuch lawless Strife) Had butcher'd-if his Savage Aim, Unfated with the Thirst of Gain !-But thou, with Gratitude I pay, And thank thee in this early Lay: Thy friendly, animated Speed, Secur'd me in extremest Need.— CHUCHILL, all hail! thy honest Care May I ne'er want, when Danger's near: This kind Exploit shall trump thy Fame; And I, enamour'd with thy Name, Will, during Life, with grateful Joy, Protect, esteem my trusty Boy.

The NOBLE PAIR.

WHO wou'd live a fingle State,
If enfur'd of fuch a Mate?
What a graceful Form appears;
Say not K*R*** p is in Years.

158 MISCELLANIES.

See the Bantling on her Knee, Proof enough how youthful She; So good-natur'd, eafy, free. Foo frequent in litt No Suspicions of the Mind Taint this Phœnix of her Kind. If a Scribbler shou'd come in. Spruce in Garb, and strait of Limb, With a kind engaging Air, Quick invites to friendly Chair; Harbours no suspicious Thought, Or arraigns his coming nought.-To compleat this House of Joy, (Sterling all without Alloy) Add the courteous, fweet SIR TOBY; Here to live how happy you'd be: So genteel in Figure, Manner, Under his improving Banner, List ye raw, unpolish'd Lads, Best of Husbands, best of Dads; Then he's fuch a joyous Soul, Not because he loves the Bowl, Ale and Porter's better Liquor; Some, indeed, it clouds the thicker;

330

But to him, 'tis quick'ning bright, Moulds him cleaver and polite. Tell me, Cynic, if you can, Such a Woman? fuch a Man?



The WHISTLING GIRL:

Occasion'd by hearing a Servant Maid at the CROWN-INN, Reading, amuse herself in this Manner whilst at her Work.

Let Lily Edit by flold two to it terrsol I

High a sheet him swor on W OME hither, Girls, and lift to me, A new Receipt, without a Fee, To make Old Time pass on with Glee, And mock your daily Labour,

II.

No matter if you're forc'd to work, By Mistress, cruel as a Turk, Take my Example, in a Jerk, You'll foon forget your Hardships.

Leave

Apply my Sebond :

III.

Leave humming Tunes, 'twill never do,
And fo I've told both Bet and Sue;
But learn to put your Mouths a-screw,
Believe me this will answer.

IV.

To whiftle out a pleafant Catch,

My own Invention! charming Hatch!

There's nothing truly that can match,

Or give the Mind fuch Pleafure!

V

Let Lady Folks fay what they will,

I learnt it of our Hostler Will,

Who vows 'twill make a Horse stand still,

If e'er so rude or restiff.

VI.

Ye Girls who wish to pass away,
With Ease, the Labour of the Day,
Apply my Scheme without Delay,
'Tis Whistling best will answer.



The Author takes his Leave of a Lady in Town, who very obligingly permitted the Correction of his last Poem upon LIBERTY (whilst in the Press) at her House.

I.

DEAREST Lady, much indebted

To your friendly House I stand:

For your Kindness and Protection,
Has been long at my Command.

H.

Thus with Gratitude I thank you,

For your kind Indulgence past;

And retreat with Heart contented; Grant the Bleffing ever last!

III.

May the Time to come be happy,
Fraught with ev'ry focial Joy;
Health and Pleafure long united,
In your Lord, and fav'rite Boy.*

IV.

My Respects await his coming; †

Tell him that with friendly Care,

I've discharg'd a Guardy's Duty

To his lovely Wife and Heir.

Let

* An only Son.

† Her Husband then upon a Journey.

Let him know the Rout I've taken; BATH, e'er long, contains your Bard; There command his early greeting, If he wishes our Regard. EARLST Lady musty

Now farewell—my Churchill waits me; 'Tis a Name by which I thrive; Trust me, Lady, full as potent As your Number FORTY-FIVE.* I am with Granude I thank

EXTEMPORE

Upon feeing Mr. KELLY's most excellent Comedy of FALSE DELICACY.

TF to enrich the Mind, the Heart engage, And with a noble Picture charm the Age: Where Characters fo worthy to the View, They claim our Praise, and Imitation too; If fuch is Merit, then with high Regard, My honest Muse thus early hails our Bard; With grateful Pleasure, tho' in humble Lays, Proclaims " Defert" above her shallow Praise.

Presented

* The Number upon their House.

Presented to a certain NOBLEMAN of much admir'd

Literary Knowledge.

TRUST me, my Lord, nor Birth or Name,

(But high Respect to letter'd Fame)

Has urg'd an Infant Muse to soar

A dang'rous Height!—not brav'd before:

Forgive, my Lord, this bold Essay,

'Tis her's—not my aspiring Lay;

A GARRICK's, and a Colman's Name,

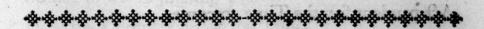
Were thus indulg'd, to grace her Train;

But wou'd your Lordship condescend,

To rank yourself a fost ring Friend;

With Gratitude (so vast the Debt)

Your suppliant Bard cou'd ne'er forget.



Upon a Lady's complaining of a severe Cold, caught at Dancing.

I

SAY, lovely FLAVIA, what's the Cause?

Those Eyes divinely bright,

Why thus eclips'd?—Alas! the Change!

The Change since Yester-night!

I MAN of work admired Profession to a certain How oft have I, with friendly Zeal, Most anxious for your Life,

Exclaim'd—Avert from me, ye Gods! Avert a Dancing Wife!

Hearing'd an Infant Mule Wifear

Still you wou'd brave the Fairy Round, Regardless of my Voice; him brook you avigno?

And with your laughing Sifter mock, which are and are The Folly of my Choice!

Were thus indust'd, to gaVI her Train

'Tis now too late—like ship-wreck'd Souls, But just escap'd the Sea, an stor a motor of

They view the Rock which split their Bark, And you must think on ME.

Act prudent for the Time to come, Nor rashly sport with Health;

Learn to effeem that best of Joys, Superior far to Wealth!

So shall your Life (which Heav'n defend) With Ease and Comfort pass;

And Age itself come smiling on, Shapilos and vilV Without Reflection's Glass.

WOLL

A PO-

A POETICEPISTLE,

Address'd to a Lady in the Country.

My boff Refpefts await your Lord. Y Pocket Tablets, Strictly true, and aid its bash The following Charge contain 'gainst You .-Let's fee-how many Months are past Since I dispatch'd a Letter last? Tis just nine Moons, may further yet, I find your Answer still in Debt ;-What has occasion'd this Delay, You better than myself can fay; It rests with you to give a Reason, Why this Neglect?—So long a Season! to flere, fays Burny However, for the present Date, But tell, my Friend Suffice to tell in jingling Prate, How the Complexion of the Times At present stand respecting Rhimes: Inclos'd you have my Bill of Fare, Submitted to your friendly Care; led ai ma dann If fo it please you in my Cause, (Which I entreat by Friendship's Laws) To give me Vote and Int'rest too, Much you'll oblige the Scribbler U:

166 MISCELLANIES.

If not, esteem me still a Friend,

I scorn a venal selsish End.—

My best Respects await your Lord, And all his hospitable Board.



The following Charge condic gamil'You .--

Address a to a Lody line the

The HAMPSHIRE HUMBUG.

A Story's got about the Town,

That Master Taplin late has sold

His Carcase for a Piece of Gold:

No sure, says Bumpkin, that can't be;

But tell, my Friend, what was the Fee?

Just Half a Guinea—further still—

At three Weeks Date, to Digweed's Will,

He's promis'd to resign his Self,

To be dissected—foolish Els!

What! put in Case at Surgeon's Hall?

O Marcy! what a timeless Fall!—

Peace to your Fears—the Jest I smoke,

Friend Tapkin's all this while in Joke;

Why, Man, he loves his Life too well—
Go home, and found by Crier's Bell,
That DIGWEED is the laugh'd-at Tool,
'Tis he that plays the public Fool.



An Æsculapian Character.

TITH Self-fushciency and State, Abfurd, affected in his Gait; O'er-run with Dignity of Wig, A Journey round, fo monstrous big! This proud Huffar, with fuch a Cloak, Had he but Whiskers, (O! the Joke!) Deep skill'd in military Knowledge, That noble School !—a perfect College! The state of the s And yet his Merit, -nothing more Than knowing two and two makes four. From learned Sire, who, (bless the Time) Rose from his slaught'ring grunting Swine; evi one blot nov half. He, by hereditary Claim, Enjoys his Lack of Wit—and Name; And is, in fine, without a Fable, A skilful Blade—most wife and able.

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An EPISTLE.

Wrote at the Desire of a Widow Lady, in Answer to a Correspondent's Letter.

Y an Agent, in a Trice, This Reply to Mister R**E .-Having just perus'd your Letter, Thus 'tis answer'd-wish 'twas better-Wife, you fay, is brought-to-Bed, Triumph this for lordly head; Give you Joy of this Event; But must tell you I'm content: Once I've ventur'd from the Shore, Steer'd by matrimonial Oar; Why again must put to Sea? Single, happy, easy, free! Tell the Truth—you envy ME, many on the I'll be cautious; 'tis a Lott'ry! Still I find you deal in Flatt'ry: Had you told your real Mind, Praises must been left behind; 'Tis a Medley, Life at best, Good or bad we fland the Test.

Give

Give my Compliments, and Joy
To your Spouse, on Birth of Boy;
If he features but his Dad,
He's a lovely, chopping Lad:
My Respects await on all,
Who, thro' Friendship's social Call,
Deem me worthy of their Note;
All, I say, no need to quote.

Not to kill you with Surprize,
By alarming Ear, and Eyes,
Explanation I've inclos'd,*
Why my answer is not pros'd;
If you like the Bill of Fare,
Which is relish'd far and near,
Join your Vote and Int'rest too,
Much you'll honour Scribbler U;
And confer on me Regard,
By your Friendship to my Bard.

* Propofals for this Work.



The DANGLER,

A frequent Character.

7HAT an eafy, happy Life, Free from Noise and worldly Strife; Ev'ry Hour's dear Employ Brings a very Life of Joy; Vulgar Mortals come not near, We're the Guardians of the Fair: Shou'd the Day invite to walk. Or at Home, with prattling Talk, If the Humour,—strait a Card— (Proof of Sex's best Regard) " BILLY DANGLE WE expect, Ever ready, no Neglect; He's a sweet, engaging Soul, Subject to our mild Controul." To their Order, in a Trice, BILLY, garnish'd out so nice, Comes fubmiffive, and with Speech Too refin'd for Me to reach; " Begs to know the Ladies Pleafure, He awaits their ev'ry Leifure;

911

Proud,

Proud, most ready to obey, Such a fweet, despotic Sway, Craves the Service of the Day. Instant he's dispatch'd, to bear Greetings to fome absent Fair; That she wou'd, with utmost Speed, (BILLY feigns fome preffing Need) Haste, and join the Morning's Rout-What's their Scheme? a Gad-a-bout: Well—suppose the Group compleat; Out they trip it into Street: Now, Sir, Dangle's in the Rear, Then again, his GEN'RAL FAIR, Orders him in Front to move; He obeys, nor envies Jove; Thus the Morning's Sun is spent, BILLY happy—Fair content: Home they go, with laughing Eyes; There, without the least Disguise, Vow their Spark is vastly wife.



Mark Masos fair Occasions

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Frind, molt ready to ober

Inflant he's difparch d.

What's their Schome

You their Spark is and

I.

We make a merry Christmas.

dod-s-fi-H.

Then hie for Dance and prudent Mirth,

We'll foon forget the frozen Earth,

And warm ourselves by giving Birth

To Exercise and Pleasure.

Orders him in Front to unityes

Thank Heav'n the Year's fo nearly spent,

Enjoy the Time, 'tis only lent;

May many Years bring Heart-Content

To all our Friends and Neighbours.

IV

Here, Boy, fill out a Bumper-Glass,
I drink to ev'ry sprightly Lass,
Who will not let the present pass,
But seizes fair Occasion.

A CHRIST-

The

V.

The Liquor likes me passing well,
'Tis Nut-brown Ale, for Taste and smell,
Which all our home-brew'd Wines excel,
Believe me, Friends and Neighbours.

englig di kan labah da katalo (VI. da makatalo katalo

Now fare you well; for present Time

I take my Leave in honest Rhime;

May ev'ry Blessing long combine

To visit Friends and Neighbours.

EXTEMPORE

Upon a recent Proof of PATRIOTIC VIRTUE.

To a Surphy metall it Land

" GET Money," 'tis the worldly Mode,

No Matter for the Means;—

That's very true, cries honest Blunt,

Holes T. establish scholland linkl

Of this a flagrant damning Proof,

Ask but at Newgate—there

You'll find a conscientious Group,

And eke their worthy M---r.

There

174 MISCELLANIES.

III.

Their Country's Curse await 'em;
And when they're suffer'd to depart,
Jack K---h, I hope, will stake 'em.

EXTEMPORE

Upon seeing two Sisters dancing.

Show me two fuch lovely Fair:
How superior in the Round,
Not their Equals to be found;
See the very Graces move,
Ev'ry Step an ambush'd Love.
Add to Elegance of Ease,
That all-pow'rful Charm to please,
Such Perfection of the Mind,
Sprightly, charming, unconfin'd.
Hail to all the Sister Train,
Long may Health and Pleasure reign;
Thus with grateful, best Regard,
Greets your most respectful Bard.

There

An E L E G Y,

Upon the Death of Mr. WILLIAM WEBB, (a very ingenious young Gentleman) at the Hot-Well, Briftol.

T

DEATH! is the common Lot of all,
The Prince and Peasant both must fall;
Not all the Splendor of the Great,
Can shield 'em from this gen'ral Fate.

II.

But when such op'ning Virtues sly,

Too early seek their Kindred Sky,

Who but laments? deplores the Time?

As I, in sympathetic Rhime;

III.

ommunital YAR

When fuch a Youth, efteem'd, belov'd,
To Friends most dear, by all approv'd,
Was, in the Prime of Life's sweet Flow'r,
Giv'n up to Death's all-grasping Pow'r.

IV.

Well may the Sister Arts deplore
Their Loss of such a precious Store;
In plaintive Moan, with drooping Head,
He's gone! they cry, alas! our Webb!

But

V.

But what avail those streaming Eyes?
Or all their Sorrow-loaded Sighs?
'Tis past! inexorable Doom,
Has sent him to an early Tomb!

VI

Submit we then to Heav'n's Decree;
And grant, whene'er that Time shall be,
That we may leave as white a Name,
And reap with him immortal Gain.



Address'd to Miss CHARLOTTE B***s, upon her presenting the Author with a Sprig of Myrtle.

MAY my future Days be Rue,
If this Myrtle Sprig from you,
Gives me not exalted Joy:
What's the finest Deard-bought Toy,
When compar'd to Nature's Store?
But to make the Treasure more,
From a Fair, divinely sweet!
Where the dimpl'd Graces meet;
Giv'n with that Goddess Air,
Thanks, my Charlotte—lovely Fair!

A POETIC EPISTLE,

Wrote from London to a Friend in the Country.

ETURN'D from BATH on Sunday last, Where I have been these two Months past; Your Letters reach'd me fafe-indeed 'Twas well you wrote with prudent Speed; Or in my poignant, probing Rhimes I'd pickl'd you, to after Times; My Bow was bent—but now the Yew Shall fooner wound myfelf than You. Your Letters like me passing well; In faith I think (you best can tell) Twas you, my much-respected Friend, In print, with most uxorious End, Who lately was my Foe, in Print, September last—come, take the Hint; And frankly own, if fo it be, That " Modest Genius" * beams in THEE. But to your Lines +-you fay with Care You've read my Hettics, I still appear

No

^{*} Vide p. 76. + This Gentleman wrote in Verse.

† Snarlers and Impartialist.

178 MISCELLANIES.

No Reasons for Satyric Truth? You're strangely partial, Rev'rend Youth: The Wormwood Quality you fear, I know it galling to the Ear, Of every putrid Character. Much you diflike my lashing C*****R. Who (inter nos) is not a Nestor; Let this mock Patron foon apply My friendly Rub, or, by the bye, I've got another Shaft in Store, Nay, on Demand, a hundred more: But, in Excuse, I hear you say, He has no Pickings in his Way; Hold-let me tell this Son of Lawn, He's ev'ry Courtier's Levee-Spawn: There, long ago, he might have fped, And earn'd his crouching Nephews Bread. *-Enough of dirty, cringing Men; Return we to our Text again: I think you write with fluent Eafe, Repeat it oft, the more you'll pleafe,

member the Hampshire longer-standing Claim upon him.

· .

* With impartial Justice the Author takes this Opportunity to acknowledge the Essex Removal, (tho' esteem'd a design'd Species of Banishment) and hopes this Right Rev'rend will shortly re-

In

In Town I make a trifling Stay,

Octavo cries—to Bath away:

There I expect your writing foon;

Now fare you well, observe my Boon.



ADVICE to a FRIEND,

Much adicted to GAMING.

STILL you perfift, unthinking Youth, In spite of daily, painful Truth;
Why suffer all my friendly Care
To vanish into sleeting Air?
Let Reason but assume her Reign,
You'll quickly be yourself again;
And loath (with me) such vile Employ,
Destructive, Foe to ev'ry Joy;
'Tis Madness all—avaunt the Plea
Of rooted Custom, that with ME
Weighs nothing; 'tis an idle dream,
And Reason knows not what you mean:
Judge by Effects, they best declare,
How ill the Cause; desist, forbear—

180 MISCELLANIES.

By me your Children, prudent Wife,

(Made wretched by your thoughtless Life)

Implore, besecch your giving Ear;

By these (if yet they're held most dear)

Consider, then, retreat in Time,

Let me prevail in honest Rhyme;—

Think how unjust, what foul Disgrace,

To bring Distress upon your Race:

Posterity must dearly rue

Their abject State entail'd by You.—

Reslect in Time, nor rashly slight

Advice, which well you know is right.



EXTEMPORE

Upon feeing Mrs. WORLEY at BATH, in the Character of Mrs. OAKLEY, in the Jealous Wife.

CHURCHILL, with never-dying Praise,
Has stamp'd a PRITCHARD's Fame;
Had we his Genius still to boast,
He'd join a Worley's Name.

Upon a certain BATH PRINTER, who grossly abuses the Public by writing in his own weekly Paper a vulgar, fcandalizing Review, under the Signature of FRANK FREEMAN, and others.

The IMPOSTOR Unmask'd.

You've Reasons, clear as Day-light seen;
What P**e and you (a noble Pair)
Resolve t' engross the public Ear:
Nothing, but pleasing to themselves,
These wou'd-be Witlings, dirty Elves,
Wou'd force the Public to comply
With Terms as servile;—but shall I
Per-force conform? and, like the Town,
Swallow your Grub-Street FREEMAN down?—
No—thus with honest Zeal I burn,
And claim Attention in my Turn.

WITH foul-mouth'd Scandal running o'er, (Thersites never rail'd before)
Abusing in his paltry News,
Which this bright Genius calls Reviews!

N

Those

^{*} A cotemporary Worthy with the Impostor, who refus'd the Insertion of these Lines in his Monday's Paper.

[†] THEATRICAL, God bless us!

Those Characters, which well I ween Wou'd pass unnotic'd in a Scene; But Prejudice, with jaundic'd Eye, Makes this (Mock Freeman, by the bye) Drawcanfir like, or wrong or right, Diffect, impale, at very Sight. Fie! Soul-gall'd P** E, + restrain your Rage, Why thunder thus against the Stage? Why on devoted ARTHUR's Head, Hurl thus to waste your weekly Lead? " Hence to your Closet, shut you in," Purge your own Life from foulest Sin : Apply this Hint-or, if it's meet, I'll quote a Proof from Avon-Street. Stick to your Shop-the Devils swear Your Holiness is seldom there; Nor with rude Infult-all your own, Blurt your Pit-noise in Face of Town: ‡

Corrode

⁺ His being turn'd off from printing for the Theatre, is generally esteemed the fole Occasion, of his repeated insolent Attacks upon the Manager, &c.

[‡] This inflammatory Witling has the Infamy to make frequent Disturbances in the House, attended by his debauch'd Brothel-fangl'd Myrmidens.

Corrode at home, thou Spleen-struck Elf, and across had There strictly probe thy dirty Self; We'll bear no Infolence from THEE— Down with this Purge, it comes from ME.



The Triumph over Spleen, Prejudice, and most complicated Villainy; occasion'd by Miss READ's being recall'd to the Bath Stage by the generous Protection, and at the express Defire of the Nobility, &c. upon the 8th of March, 1768; when she again appear'd in the Charatter of Indiana in the Conscious Lovers.

THUS to relieve a wounded Heart, Which (tho' unconscious) felt the Smart; For who can bear, with fleady Eye, Such foul Report? a Hell-bred Lye!* Thus speaking Comfort to a Breast, By Villains Malice fore opprest; How great the Pleasure !—so refin'd! The Public, with one Voice and Mind,

N 2 Kindly

^{*} Her intended Retreat (of which she gave public Notice) was owing to a most scandalous reflecting Print, exhibited Feb. \$5, 1768.

184 MISCELLANIES.

Kindly protects an injur'd Fair,

And stamps her Conduct just and clear.

Henceforth be dumb—reform yourselves,

Ye Soul-gall'd Villains, Spleen-struck Elves.

An E P I S T L E,

To a Friend in WALES, fent from BATH:

A T Friendship's Call th' impartial Muse,

(I know you've Candour to excuse)

Wou'd thus address my Norton * Friend,

Residing almost at Land's-End:

Your cordial Letter likes me well;

Before you wrote I cou'd not tell,

(For no Enquiry had I made

Of Hare or Letter) how mislay'd;

But now I learn from Mr. Leake,

'Tis strange he shou'd forget to speak;

Both were receiv'd—but Scribbler U

Had quitted Bath—no Fault of you.

Puss was dispatch'd a-down the Lane, †

Ne'er to return that Maze again:

As

Completions religion with Prints or billion of Febru

^{*} In Glamorganshire, + Vulgo the Red-Lane.

As to Epistle, that indeed I never faw, with Ma'am was flead; Well, let it pass, 'tis out of date, We feldom relish what's too late. Thanks for the worthy Names remitted,* Affure yourself I'll see 'em pitted; The Medley-Work goes gliby down; In present Month at CARDIFF's Town, I hope you'll find 'em ready; there My worthy Voters may repair; To Savour's I'll dispatch 'em all, Acquaint my Friends, 'tis there they call.— In the mean Time, to kill an Hour, (Admit 'tis in the Muse's Pow'r) I've fent you my last mental Brat, Fair LIBERTY! a Subject pat: If they don't take my wholesome Hint, I'll fouse 'em well when next I print.

IN Course of Summer's chearful Prime, Expect to see this Imp of Rhime; But first I've got a Norfolk Trip; As soon as I can give the Slip,

N 2

* Subscribers.

I'll

I'll haste to pass your Severn Stream, A vifit to Glamorgan's Scene.

I BEG your Piper * may be told, In what Esteem his Worth I hold; And tho' I've not receiv'd from Wales His promis'd Spoil, no Doubt prevails But shortly Madam will appear, In Form and Flavour of-a Hare.

WHEN LIBERTY (for this may cloy, As well as ev'ry human Joy) Has giv'n you Shock—fo lame the Senfe— Her Honesty can't give Offence! Let your good neighb'ring Friends peruse The Product of an honest Muse; But then this Goddess of my Brain, Observe you claim her back again.

RESPECTS at Home—I fear you'll chide; Farewell—we'll check this hettic Tide.

A very favourite Hound.

Upon feeing a poor Object expiring in the Road near BATH, as the Author return'd from a Morning's Airing.

I.

HILST I, upon my Churchill's Back,

(I've bid adieu to stumbling Hack)

Return'd from Morning's Ride;

II.

I faw, alas! it chill'd my Heart,

For, as a Man, who cou'd depart

Without a plaintive Sigh?

III

I faw, furrounded by a Croud, Give Ear, ye rich, fuperfluous Proud, An Object, pale and wan;

IV

Seiz'd with a fudden, fatal Stroke,

Her Face approaching Death bespoke—

Her Dissolution near!

V

'Twas Sympathy that check'd my Speed, Most willing stopt my favourite Steed, I learnt th' affecting News!

And

And lo! to add a further Grief. The very Object ask'd Relief, As forth I went to Air:

But now, and yet how short a Space! So fleeting is the human Race, Reduc'd to fuch a Pause .-

VIII.

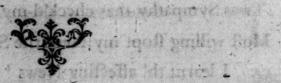
iton tada wel

If thus uncertain in our State, And you and I to fudden Fate, May equally give way;

(Law, furrounded by a (.XI.) Let Prudence, and religious Care, Circles, verses Direct our Thoughts and Actions here, A well-spent Life's the best.

Sec. X. Lings held Juit a chiw 152152

Thus foon or late, when Heav'n demands The Debt of Nature at our Hands, We may refign in Peace.



A CHARACTER

Say no more that Justice's blind—
This a very Argus kind;
He can find, or make a Flaw
In the clearest Point of Law:
Then his Breeding so polite,
Fitting Lord, or City Knight;
So observant of his Speech,
Truth's above his honest Reach;
He denies, with such a Grace,
What before, with modest Face,
Roundly he affirms a Fact,
(Founded on a recent Act;)
Happy B******L what's to sear,
Charter'd by your own D******?



Wrote at the Defire of a Lady upon her little Boy.

A SONG.

I.

THE Muse, with honest, friendly Joy,
Salutes your little darling Boy;
May many Years, without Alloy,
Protect your fav'rite William.

May

May Time enrich with mental Grace,
And add a manly, honest Face,
Unconscious of the least Disgrace,
Long live your fav'rite WILLIAM.

III. with The State of the State of the

When Age comes on with wint'ry Stride,

And chills your prefent youthful Tide,

May lovely WILLIAM be the Pride,

And Comfort of his Parents.

IV. Destriction Color best

Long bles'd with mutual Love and Care,

May this deserving, happy Pair,

Enjoy Return of Youth whilst here

Renew'd in fav'rite WILLIAM.

Cherry I be your own Day X

And when decreed, by Pow'r divine,

To quit this mortal Stage of Time,

May ev'ry after Bliss combine

To make 'em endless happy.



An E P I S T L E,

Address'd to a Friend in London.

OTE the Complexion of the Times, I'm launching now fome Medley Rhimes; From Bath just posting up to Town, But very shortly to come down: Your Friends are num'rous and polite. Affist your Bard with utmost Might; Inclos'd you have my Bill of Fare, I trust it won't be thought too dear; There's Fish and Fowl, and wholesome Flesh, All good, I hope—I'm fure they're fresh; Not tainted yet by vulgar Air, But delicate, and Maiden-fair: Then buftle in a Scribbler's Cause; By Friendship's ever-binding Laws, My grateful Heart shall long retain Your Favours, not bestow'd in vain.

News we have none—good Friend adieu; Respects at Home—Remember U.

AnEXTEMPORE

Wrote at the Request of a Friend upon his Mistress.

HAD I the Pow'r of all the Nine,
To Sense and Beauty such as thine,
How poor the Off'ring—trifling Lay,
As I can bring—one Sprig of Bay
My Muse presents, with friendly Care,
And hails your Delia heav'nly Fair!

Joy to my Friend! May coming Years
Flow undisturb'd by painful Cares;
May Delia (can the Gods do more?
Or grant a sweeter, wish'd-for Store?)
Kindly bestow her World of Charms,
And early bless your faithful Arms.



ADIALOGUE

Between DAPHNE and AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

STILL am I doom'd, alas! my Fate!
To bear the cruel DAPHNE's Hate,

By Day I feek the lonely Shade,
Though absent, I behold the Maid;
Run o'er her charming, lovely Mein,
The Envy of our Village-Green;
At Night, in Dreams what sweet Disguise!
In Fancy rapt, methought those Eyes
Survey'd me with a kinder Air,
Dispell'd my Gloom, forbad Desprir;
'Twas but a Dream! I wake to know
The greatest Torment here below;
For slighted Love—alas! the Bane,
Nor will you ease my Heart-felt Pain.

DAPHNE. W palesly and its bak

Peace, whining Swain—I know you all:
You've Sighs, and Pray'rs, and Words at Call;
Think not to trap my Virgin's Heart
With well-feign'd Wounds from Cupid's Dart;
I have not, (thank my Stars!) tho' bred
In Village Cot, fo weak a Head,
As to believe an artful Tale—
Remember Phillis of the Dale;
You've told this Story oft before—
No; I'll be honest, tho' I'm poor.

not to we have Aminton,

AMINTOR.

DAPHNE, indeed you wrong my Love; I fwear, by all that's good Above, I will not, cou'd not You deceive, And what I fay, you may believe: Trust me, I love with honest Mind, If charming DAPHNE proves but kind, Consents to make me her's for Life, I'll take her for my wedded Wife; Together, Hand, in Hand we'll rove Through yonder sweet, retir'd Grove; Admire Nature's blooming Face, And all her pleasing Wonders trace. Your Care, to tend the fuckling Lambs, And mine, to watch their bleating Dams; Whilst they are feeding, You and I, Observing both with careful Eye, Will under friendly Shade recline, Then fay, my DAPHNE—you'll be mine,

DAPHNE, International American

If you will act the honest Part,

I must confess a partial Heart;

And frankly own, I feel it true,

That I've an equal Love for you:

Long has Aminton's comely Air
Disturb'd my Peace, with Hope and Fear;
But sooner wou'd I chuse to die,
Or live in Want and Misery,
Than suffer a designing Swain,
To rob me of my honest Name.

AMINTOR.

I'll give my Daphne ev'ry Proof
That I'm an honest-hearted Youth;
Full well I like that prudent Mind,
To ev'ry Goodness so inclin'd;
I wou'd not, to be lov'd by Queen,
Forego the Joys of thy Esteem;
Then haste, my Fair, make no Delay,
To Love and Happiness away:
No more with racking Doubt distrest,
Since Daphne's kind, Amintor's blest.



Last rude, from a north

Fineler transping at voter 1900

Why to early located while

Wille applies you estern show

A POETIC EPISTLE,

From BATH, to some Ladies in LONDON.

RUST me, Ladies, Difrespect, Or the least design'd Neglect, Has not kept your friendly Bard, (Never wanting in Regard) All this Time from fending Letter; O! that I cou'd treat you better! But my ev'ry Hour's Employ, Is, in fine, a Press-Annoy: How I wish to break my Chain, To converse with you again; Then halle, my Fair. But, at present, cannot say When I shall for Town away: Soon as Volume takes to Wing, (Your Visiter, with op'ning Spring) Then expect,—but not before, Jingler's rapping at your Door. Pray inform me of your Rout, (How you love a Gad-a-bout!) Why fo early leaving Town? Muse invites you to come down;

A PO.

BATH, I'm fure, will please you well, And we want the fprightly Belle: Let your lovely Sifter know, I myself will ape the Beau; And with true poetic Air, Turn Gallant—for two fuch Fair. . Shou'd you ask, as well you may, How we live from Day to Day? a sich lauro well Briefly thus—the gen'ral Way. Rifing early, Seven or Eight, (Much it hurts to lay Town-late;) Strait to Pump-Room for the Waters, Shoals of Husbands, Wives and Daughters, Hurry, with impatient Thirst, Down it goes with fuch a Gust— Music, too, regales the Ear, All the while of Water-fare. Having paus'd a proper Time, (As Scribblers must in coining Rhime) In Detachments off they file; Some an Hour or two beguile, Fore their usual Breakfast Date, Reading, Walking, Chit-chat, Prate.

Then

198 MISCELLANIES.

Then, to whet for Dinner's Treat,

Numbers up the Hills you'll meet:

But, 'bove all, the Ev'ning's Sight,

Subject of extreme Delight,

At the brilliant, crouded Ball,

There collected, fee 'em all—

Abruptly yours---my Paper checks;
How cruel this!—my best Respects.



LIBERTY.

ilender trus----

term would and hita.

ally it is a second to the particle

e What to know the way for the Wa

(As Scribblers and in colour Rhose)

eading, Walking, Chit char Prote. 1 and

in Detachments off they bles.

Same in their or two beguile,

Pore dien afral Breakfa Daie,

Bear was it Was a married that I have being to



LIBERTY.

categoria destroy and a second will were

THE' expected Storm blown over—the Reviews,

Confed'rate Bravoes, in their monthly News

With mere Apology, for Thread-bare Wit,

Their Force detach'd * (a Sign my Lunge has hit)

Have shrewdly pun'd—affecting to despile,

A Stripling-Bard—Themselves so vastly wise;

And so well known—They're all within our Reach,

If their good Master, Hamilton would peach;

O 2 "Give

In order to parry the Author's home Thrust (vide the Impartialist, p. 37) these literary Inquisitors divided their Pow'rs; one of them taking Notice of that Publication in due Course, the other reserving his Fire 'till the following Month. "Give up my Myrmidons! (I hear you cry)
What! fee 'em mangled with a patient Eye!
Run down my ev'ry galling Son of Rhime?
Excuse me there—in petto, they are mine;
Once known, these trusty Hirelings, may find
A sep'rate Keeper—how it goads my Mind,
To think this faithful Crew of learned Men,
Shou'd swerve from my Employ, debase their Pen
In other's Service! No, my loyal Clan,
Unite as One, and trust me I'm your Man,
Will long maintain your Prowess—in Repute,
Let C***** be at Helm or curtain'd B** E."

Peace, Manager, your venal Fears are vain, Still mask your Tools, on their dependant Chain Firmly rely—nay, I'll commence their Friend, Since 'tis to answer such a Worthy's End; And with more frequent Press-Displays, I'll give Your Harpies Food—let 'em regale—and live—Live, like the Sons of Jove—I mean you fair, Accept this Fruit, the soonest I cou'd bear.

AGAIN I start, the pleasing Road explore To fam'd Parnassus; ambling on once more:

Fire Tablus Sallanty Missa.

My Subject now demands the utmost Skill: O! for a Churchill's Vein to aid my Quill; But fince that flatt'ring Wish is wholly vain, And nought of his strong, nervous Pow'rs remain; Content us, with that little trifling Art, Which our own Clio, from her friendly Heart Kindly affords; and if poetic Fire Is wanted, to complete my strong Defire, Give me but Language, to express a Mind Of English Stamp; grant me but Thought combin'd; I ask no more :- Let Groundlings, who delight In Sound alone, as Infants do in Sight, Contemn my Measures, 'cause their nicer Ears, Prefer a Jingle, though no Senfe appears: Applause like theirs, would make me blush to own. I would address the Mind, 'tis that alone I wish to please; and sure my present Plan, Must grateful prove to ev'ry ENGLISHMAN! My Theme is LIBERTY—a glorious Aim, The bare Attempt must bring a scanty Fame.

And if the Wishes of a Son prevail,

0 3

Long

Long shalt thou cherish with thy genial Smile, This happy Spot, our fav'rite ALBION'S Isle! Hail thou fair Goddess! How I bless the Hour That gave me Birth, a Native to thy Pow'r. Happy, thrice happy, when compar'd with those, Whose very Laws are Subjects worst of Foes: Let haughty Lewis with despotic Sway. As Passion or Caprice direct his Way, Bastile for Life, or urg'd by Thirst of Gold, A Fact, though fmother'd there, shall here be told; Condemn old LALLY to a shameful Death, Prejudg'd, then gag'd, lest with his parting Breath, He should have blasted with a righteous Curse, His State-pack'd Judges, than a JEFFERIES worse: Gods! what an Act! and shall it pass unknown? Perish my Muse, if I not hand it down!

To France compar'd, how happy then our State,
Freedom the Lot of all, the Poor, as Great;
Alike protected by our charter'd Laws,
All rest secure, and bless th' establish'd Cause;
Nay further—to complete our Fund of Joy,
We boast a Monarch, whose whole Life's Employ,

Is center'd in that God-like, noble Part,
Which claims a gen'ral Tribute from our Heart,
The Love of all Mankind; his watchful Care,
Protects the injur'd from th' Oppressor's Snare;
And with parental Tenderness of Mind,
Though pre-condemn'd by Law, e'en Convicts find
His frequent Mercy; what a glorious Plan!
"The proper Knowledge of Mankind, is Man."
On this just Basis, all his Actions rise,
So great, so good, that with uplisted Eyes
We bless th' auspicious Hour that gave him Birth,
Gave us, a Native-King, the best on Earth!

"All gracious Heav'n, with thy propitious Care, Protect, and grant his long prefiding here; May ev'ry Bleffing, Happiness and Peace, Crown all his Virtues, with a sweet Increase, His ROYAL CONSORT, of illustrious Name, Most worthy to partake his Crown and Fame! May She, with all that Tenderness and Care, (A bright Example to our British Fair) Abound in strictest Harmony and Love, Admir'd by all—as sanction'd from above.

May Brunswick's much-lov'd Race be long our own, And many future GEORGES grace the Throne."

Under fogreat a Prince, such envy'd Laws,
Which from despotic Pow'rs extort Applause,
To what Pre-eminence! what Height of Fame!
Might Britons raise a never-dying Name;
Would all unite—and for the public Weal,
Exert their utmost Loyalty and Zeal;
With US not ancient Rome herself could vie,
Nor more attract the universal Eye:
Though proudly stil'd the Mistress of the Earth,
Barbarians all, except of Roman Birth.

But we, alas! degen'rate, thankles Race, Infult those very Laws, our Fame disgrace; And with licentious Freedom of Abuse, Madly attack e'en Majesty—traduce His sacred Name, and with an impious Rage, Defy the Reach of Pow'r—ungrateful Age! Are these Requitals for a Monarch's Love? (The dearest, best of Blessings from above) Is this the Tribute of a grateful Soul? Which ev'ry venal Motive should controul.—

What epidemic Madness of the Brain. Diffus'd of late its curfed, baneful Train. Of hell-bred Monfters o'er our leading Men? O! may fuch Times be ne'er reviv'd again-When Party-Riot foaming in our Streets, Roaring out LIBERTY to all she meets, Stalk'd proudly on, disdaining legal Rule: Plac'd high in Front—a poor deluded Tool, State-Mad-Cap W-LK-s appear'd—his very Nod The vulgar worshipp'd—hail'd him as their Gon; Bellow'd fuch Praises to his Deeds, you'd swear, The Idol PITT no longer worth their Care: Pause but a Time, and let Reflection's Light. Beam on the Mind!—could this be acting right? Was this like Subjects Loyalty, to engage With brutal Fury, and contemptuous Rage, The Dignity of Kings? Infult his Name, And brand with rank Abuse the ROYAL FAME? What Provocation giv'n? declare the Caufe, Thou Muse impartial, were our wholesome Laws Defective? that this frantic, head-strong Crew, Led on by Faction's ever-erring Clue, Rear'd their licentious Banner thus on high, And with the specious Plea of Liberty,

Gull'd

Gull'd shallow Souls into a groundless Fear, Our Freedom was affaulted—Slav'ry near— If speedy Succour was not brought to aid, Our struggling Goddess, LIBERTY! bright Maid! Was this the true Complexion of the Times? Give up the Truth—Truth may be told in Rhimes— Was there this real Danger then—or not? So great the Stir, you'd thought a fecond Plot, Was deeply hatching by a Popish Crew, T' extirpate King, the Laws, and People too; That we poor Heretics must all to Stake, and bround Forfeit our Lives for dear Religion's Sake. 'Twas but a Feint-I grant the Helm of Pow'r, Was at that Time, in an ill-fated Hour, and do most Strangely committed to a S***** Gare; A Wretch devoid of Honour, Love, or Fear; Beyond Conception infamous and base, Difgracing in his Life the human Race; Perhaps a weaker ministerial Train, Wicked withal, in any former Reign, Scarce gall'd our Country, with a Set of Men So ill inclin'd - but foft-a Churchill's Pen, Has with fuperior Dignity of Verse, and had been A lafting Stigma fix'd, an honest Curse,

the tond the fall of the state
On their Abuse of Pow'r; suffice for me,
Thus to declare, in this I must agree,
And join my grateful Plaudit to his Fame,
His Country's Honour was a glorious Aim,
And well deserves a never-dying Name.

Bur still I must condemn the real Cause, That broach'd this Outrage to our King and Laws. Must deeply cenfure with impartial Pen, Such Ways and Means, though from those very Men, Who wish'd their Country's Welfare, have been prov'd Our best of Friends, and therefore well belov'd: How then could T**** poorly condescend, To aid fuch Mal-contents, nay rank as Friend, A Bosom Friend, that gross infulting Man, Whose whole Life through was built on Folly's Plan, State-Bravo W-LK-s—was this a Patriot's Care, To florm and blufter thus with lawlefs Air? Was this respectful Service to the Crown? With rank Sedition and imperious Frown, Could they expect that MAJESTY should pay, An instant Homage to his Subjects Sway? What base Apostacy! Now learn the Cause, Why King and Country, Liberty and Laws,

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Were thus affail'd—the Helm was in Dispute,

S****** Hour Pilot, then close leagu'd with B*** E,

Join'd with Affociates of inferior Note,

So weak, such Dupes, that were I but to quote

Their Names alone, my Ink would change its Hue,

Blushing Contempt of such a servile Crew.

To disposses these Worthies of their State,

Then, mount themselves, the whole of the Debate;

At length, by Means which they must blush to own,

They gain'd their wish'd-for Stations near the Throne;

Hush'd our Alarms, appeas'd the missed Rout;

Their Point was gain'd, the In became the Out.

(Much better fuited to these modern Days)

Having resign'd his Dignity of State,

That envied Station, by our little Great,

On Patriot Pitt we cast a longing Eye,

Retir'd some Time (though pension'd by the bye)

All with one Mouth, requir'd his Aid—to save

A sinking Nation from an early Grave:

But He, oppress'd with Sorrows of his own,

Declin'd his surther Service to the Crown;

Supplied dondeledad.

His Health so much impair'd—I grant the Plea Was just enough—'tis fit he should be free: Would you confine a Man to State-Affairs, Flannel'd as he, from Toe to very Ears? 'Twere Pity, on my Life, to add a Weight, A public Load on one in fuch a State: An ill Requital this for all his Care! Don't think I jest—I'm truly serious here. And with Respect, nay, Gratitude of Heart, I own his Merit—'twas a noble Part, He lately acted for the public Weal, Pursu'd such Measures, with that worthy Zeal, As highly rais'd his Country's Honour, more Than long preceding Statesmen had before: The Love of all enfu'd, our Patriot's Name Was far dispers'd upon the Wings of Fame; Already honour'd with his Country's Voice, The highest Credit, most respectful Choice: What gross ambitious Frenzy of the Mind (A strange Propensity in Human-kind) Could prompt him to give up his vast Repute, And facrifice his Fame to crafty B**1? Accept a Title, meant but to controul, And thus display his Poverty of Soul?

But

But hold—without this Offer we had loft,
The ablest Head, and all our Projects crost.
On second Thoughts, We must applied the End,
And own this Doctor Peerage much our Friend:
Anticipation hence—th' Event may prove,
His Conduct still deserves the public Love:
I trust this Honour will but whet---inspire
Fresh glowing Ardour, and a Cato's Fire;
That we shall still have Cause to love his Name,
And BRITAIN shourish with a deathless Fame.

May no intestine Broils disturb our Péace,
May Factions die, and Unity encrease;
Let each exert his Pow'r, an honest Love,
A grateful People ever must approve:
Let this Contention be the only Care
Who best shall serve his Country, let not fear,
Or rank Ambition, warp the gen'rous End
Of public Good, to turn a felfish Friend,
Act from an upright Principle of Heart,
From such a Basis, dare not to depart:
Remember W-LK-S, that Mad-Cap of the Times;
Can we then wonder, that in foreign Climes,

Shim? In beautiful it is about the

He's left to linger, having done his Work,

And spurn'd with Rancour, that would damn a Turk?

I marvel not, such be the exil'd Fate

Of all those baneful Subjects to a State;

Whose Actions guided by a Party-Rage;

Serve only to enslame a vicious Age;

And under Pretext of a gen'ral Good,

(By which their King and Country's understood)

Sow rank Sedition o'er their native Spot,

Almost renewing Times (thank Heav'n) forgot.

Is this our boasted Liberty? For Shame!

Why prostitute her facred, spotless Name
To such licentious Actions? Turn your Eyes
To Corsica's brave Sons, 'tis their's the Prize,
Who justly struggle 'gainst oppressive Force,
To curb their ancient Freedom, turn the Course
Of LIBERTY's sweet Channel---Friends, beware,
The Time's at Hand, avoid th' insidious Snare,
Corruption's Bait, so nicely gilded o'er,
Medea, Sorceress so sam'd of yore,
Was poor in Wiles, compar'd with present Times,
Be cautious then, apply my honest Rhimes;

The real Men, and Morals strictly try,

Examine both with the most curious Eye;

Nor suffer daily fascinating Treats,

To lull your Reason by the soulest Cheats:

Think not a Spendthrift L****** R worth your Care;

Tell me his Merit---He's Avaro's Heir.

Perish those Villains, to their Country's Health,
Who thus presuming on their dirty Pelf,
Would lead us Captive, to a shameful End,
Perish each Agent---ev'ry Canvas-Friend,
Who dead to Honour, for the Sake of Place,
Would stab his Country with the worst Disgrace;
Curse us with Tools so ignorant and vain,
As even Folly blushing cannot name.

Be wary then, 'tis now the Time to think,
We stand on Happiness or Ruin's Brink.
"Wisely and slow, they stumble who run fast"
Apply this Maxim, let it ever last:
With Prudence pause---and when a meddling Lord
Calls you his Friend, invites you to his Board,
And cringing, hopes you'll give his Nephew Vote,
(Whose Merit centers in his Uncle's Coat)

Reply, with honest patriotic Zeal,

My Lord, consider 'tis the public Weal,

Must rise (or fall) upon our prudent Choice,

If he deserves---why, he shall have my Voice;

If not---'tis sit he keep his private Seat,

We're full sufficient curs'd with little Great.

This will be acting like a free-born Soul,
Above the Reach of Brib'ry or Controul:
'Tis fuch a Spirit, as will trump your Name,
And rank you in the highest List of Fame.
Fair LIBERTY, which otherwise must die,
And shortly too (Oh! that fore-boding Sigh!)
Shall running o'er with Gratitude and Joy,
Cares, and love you, as her darling Boy;
Posterity must honour, and approve,
Such dear Concern, with never-dying Love.

MARK the Reverse—ye Money-loving Slaves, Who sell your Consciences to shameless Knaves, That hunt Occasion to destroy yourselves, (Curse to such venal, mercenary Elves) Who swallow Brib'ry, without Disguise, And damn themselves, with open Ears and Eyes.

MARK the Reverse—ye Traitors to the Cause,
Ye base Betrayers of your Country's Laws;
Your putrid Actions, rotten in Offence,
Disgusting, pois'nous to each honest Sense,
Smell to high Heaven (where Freedom ever reigns)
'Gainst you on Earth the Forgers of our Chains.

SHAME on't, ye Monsters, who in various Guise; Would rob your Country of her dearest Prize; Would drive fair LIBERTY, distrest, forlorn, Regardless of her Soul-distracted Moan, To seek for Resuge where to lay her Head, And gain, by foreign Alms, her daily Bread: If for your Country you have no Regard, Attend the Warnings of her honest Bard, Think, e'er too late, how scandalously base, To load with Insamy, and foul Disgrace, The coming Times, Posterity will rue, Those dire Effects entail'd by venal you.

Apply these Hints, thus friendly urg'd to all, Attend the Duties of your Country's Call:

Exert a noble Ardour, worthy Men,

Act strictly honest, and my grateful Pen,

Shall in some suture, nay, an early Lay,
Proclaim your Merits to the Blaze of Day;
But should gross Int'rest, with her soulest Tide,
Bear down all Principle, to glut your Pride;
Take Heed, ye Slaves, I'll probe you with an Air,
Severely keen, and lay each Bosom bare;
To public Note, I'll hand your Names of Scorn,
And make you curse the Hour, when you were born:
Nabobs and Lords, alike my honest Hate,
Who indirestly plot to wound the State.

Thus pre-advis'd, my honest Friends, beware,
Look e'er you leap, distrust the lurking Snare;
By my Directions cautiously proceed;
First, know your Men, then, chuse with prudent Speed:
Remember, 'tis your Country's dearest Health,
Fair Liberty's at Stake—hence fordid Pelf—
Perish that Wretch, whose mean, corrupted Heart,
For Thirst of Gold, would act a Traitor's Part;
May he, detested by the Good and Just,
Live here forbid, be afterwards accurst;
May Bonds most grievous in a future State,
His base Apostacy of Soul await!

PAY due Attention to our wholesome Laws; On these depend, by these direct our Cause; Let firm Integrity of Mind controul, Abhor a venal, mercenary Soul; All private Int'rest for the public Weal, Reject with Scorn, exert an honest Zeal: Grant us, with Gratitude—that noble Chain, (Keep me, fair Goddess, ever in thy Train) To honour and approve your prudent Skill; Give us but those, whose honest Hearts and Will Go Hand in Hand; whose first, whose only Care, Is Love of Country—what remains to fear? With fuch Supports, fuch Bulwarks of Defence, Intrench'd with Principle and folid Sense; When Measures wisely plan'd, by honest Men, (O! what a pleasing Subject for the Pen!) To what Advancement-Honour, and Renown, Must add a Lustre to the British Crown: When Peace and Concord - grant the Time's at Hand, Shall fweetly join, to bless our native Land; Content at Home (by Heav'n's all-ruling Pow'r) Shall arm, defend us in the hoffile Hour.

LET subtle France, close leagu'd with Sister Spain, If the would brave another Blow again, Come foaming on, expect no easy Prey, BRITONS, the Glory of the well-fought Day Must beam on you-if with yourselves at Peace, Expect the fairest Harvest of Increase: Abroad respected, and at Home secure. Sweet Unity! thou only lasting Cure, Infuse thy Balm, 'tis thy all-wanted Aid, Propitious hear, thou Heav'n descending Maid! Grant us thy Light—Happy, thrice happy State, The Muse, with Gratitude of Heart elate, Foretells the Bleffings under GEORGE'S Sway, Which then shall visit at an early Day. -The Libral Arts shall flourish and abound, (And e'en to Poetry a Patron found;) Time shall flow on, replete with ev'ry Joy; And sterling LIBERTY, without Alloy, Shall shine superior in Meridian Ray, And, like the glorious Sun, enrich our Day.-Such the Effects of Unity's mild Pow'r; Court but her Influence, at the present Hour, Then rest affur'd, succeeding Time shall prove, Our Country's Honour, and her steady Love.

But if neglected—in prophetic Rhime, I croak the Mis'ry of approaching Time.

No more of this—let wholesome Hints suffice, Act circumspect—be honest—and you're wife.

HERE we break off—and now to the Reviews, With all Submission, I give up the Muse. They fay, she's petulant—but is it true? Good, candid Reader, I refer to you: Indeed I cannot dread these Lurkers Frown, Or court their Smiles, and yet 'tis plain the Town Are much inclin'd to favour or condemn, As these confed rate Wits will suffer them: No Matter, 'tis a standing Rule with me, Impartial as I am, I will be free. Let 'em puff Medleys * with a venal Praise, (Themselves a Proof, we live in meddling Days) And thunder monthly Bulls against my Lays; I value not, 'twere Folly to be hurt, By fuch a nameless Cloud of Mist and Dirt: Besides, 'tis but their Duty after all, A Servant must obey his Master's Call:

Write

y and thall prove

A Publication under this Title fome Months ago.

Write on, ye trufty scientific Crew, It harms not me, and if it feeds but you, I would not---by meek Charity I fwear---I would not, you should quit your letter'd Chair Of critical Importance, hold it still, Obey your Orders, execute the Will, Of your despotic Lord, and spare or kill. I offer you Alliance, as a Proof, I mean to act confistent with the Truth; This waits your Test--- call a Senatus strait, Poize well each Line---mark that each Word has Weight; For once let CANDOUR hold an equal Scale, Justly affay the whole, let Right prevail: Nor meanly pilf'ring out some trifling Word, Condemn at large, the rest unseen, unheard; This is prejudging with felonious Art, And argues neither Worth of Head or Heart. 'Tis' poorly done, yourselves intrench'd, unseen, Lurking, like Brother B**E, behind the Screen, Thus to discharge your missile Darts, and wound With monthly Rancour, those on open Ground, Who fcorn fuch Covert, brave the public Eye, (With Names affix'd) 'tis theirs to judge, and try

On CANDOUR's Basis, if an Author's Claim, To public Notice, and a letter'd Fame, Is justly grounded on Defert, or not, 'Tis their's to judge---What Need then of a Plot? A monthly Combination of fuch Elves, Who entertain fo highly of themselves, As to prefume on polifh'd Flasehood's Plan. To crush at Random that aspiring Man, Who ventures to display, or well, or ill; Let pow'rful Reason guide his honest Quill; Or grant him Tool of some State-juggling Knave, (Curfe to the Mem'ry of each Hireling Slave) 'Tis all the fame---these Lurkers in the Dark, For write they must, and shoot at ev'ry Mark; Hurl their Abuse, no Matter wrong or right, Unknown themselves, mere Bravoes of the Night.

And shall such Slaves (detested be the Thought)
Who work for Pay, and therefore sold and bought,
Usurp Dominion? Must we then obey,
Submit our Thoughts to their despotic Sway?
Up-rouse for Shame! be drug'd no more to rest,
Judge for yourselves, you are our proper Test:

Let not these Minions, Slaves to venal Pow'r,
(Whose only Claim, the Venom of an Hour)
Controul your Reason, these your worst of Foes,
Who would a Bondage on the Mind impose;
These strike at Liberty, would cramp the Mind,
Which bounteous Nature, free and unconfin'd,
Has lent to all, exert the Gift of Heav'n,
For this alone, is God-like Reason giv'n:
With Candour hear, let Equity decide,
You cannot err, with Reason for your Guide.

This---and no more---in future Walk of Life,
Let come what may---unknown to ambufh'd Strife,
I'll keep my Road, Snarlers with Lurkers join,
"To curse the Freedom of each honest Line:"
It moves me not, 'twould but disgrace my Page,
To answer ev'ry Gnatling of the Age:
Curs will bay on---when Cynthia heav'nly bright!
Stoops from her Dignity of spangled Night
To notice Mongrels---then---but not before,
I'll make Reply to ev'ry Witling's Roar.

Lurkers adieu---be honest, if you can---Unkennel one---we're equal---Man to Man.

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The their of land Simula Control of the sent

With would a Bondayaou the Mind angole;



MISCELLANIES

CONTINUED.

This Can low Men, Mer Reputy Meide, Paper

An E P I S T L E,

I are -- and no more -- in future Walk of Life,

To a Friend in Town, fent from Bath.

WITH clouded Head, and out of Time,*
Still I'm refolv'd to scribble Rhime;
Thanks for your kind, obliging Letter,
It merits a Return much better.

I'm glad, nay much rejoic'd to find,
That Liberty fo hits your Mind;
The Parson too approves my Brat—
I'm pleas'd, extremely pleas'd with that.

A Piece

^{*} Musis Aurora amica.

A Piece of News, for private Ear—No matter—shortly 'twill appear,
As public as a Press can make it,
And therefore let the Winds all take it.

Gainsbro', an Artist in this Place,
I told you was to draw my Face;
And, gratis, promis'd to supply,
A Picture for the public Eye: *

Apostate like, denies his Word,
In fine, has acted so absurd,
And treated me with such Neglect,
Though I've behav'd with all Respect,
That I've engag'd—am in Advance,
To treat him with satyric Dance;
In Manner—on Churchilliad Plan,
I'll lash this petty Gentleman.
A second Hogarth to your View—
When maul'd in my corroding Stew,
His Usage he shall quickly rue.*

You

^{*} Intended for the Spring-Garden Exhibition.

GAINSBOROUGH, Painter, at Bath,

MISCELLANIES,

You tell me W-LK-s, with full Intent To gain a Seat in Parliament, Is just return'd from exil'd State, And much befriended by the Great-I'm forry for't, without Disguise; I've given up, to public Eyes, My Thoughts in honest, recent Rhimes, Touching the past licentious Times; And much I fear, if mad-cap Zeal Should fix him in the Public-Weal, Confusion may again prevail, Like Ship depriv'd of Helm and Sail .-Well, let the Times go as they will, My Recipe is pow'rful flill-Integrity of Heart-a Mind Of equal Ballance __thus inclin'd_ You must be happy; Time and Place, Will ever wear a pleafing Face. When snattd in my cost

Bur hold---we'll put a finish here--Believe me your's, most sincere.

over Painter at Mail

" Instituted for the Spring Carden Exhib

An EXTEMPORE.

The Author confoles a Friend whose Inclinations were opposed by the Parent of a young Lady, to whom he paid his Addresses.

COURAGE, my Boy, the present Day,
I grant you has no genial Ray!
But tell me—is it therefore meet?
Must we still lack a Sun-shine Treat?
Perhaps the Morrow may supply,
Elate your Heart, and glad the Eye—
Be chearful, Man—avaunt Despair,
Since you can trust the partial Fair;
Assure yourself that Time will work,
And proper Conduct sooth a Turk;
With Patience wait—this friendly Balm
The Muse foretells—" All will be calm."



The BUSYBODY.

-----Teneas tuis Te.

THEY who in Quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody Nose."

A Maxim

A Maxim this from bronest GAY, And yet we find how far aftray. Blind Mortals wander ev'ry Day. But little did I think Friend P**E. (You fee I've hitch'd you in a Line) Would fo forget himself, and Bard, For whom he had profess'd Regard, As to neglect this golden Rule, And thus display, the meddling Fool; Impertinent, officious, wrong-(Much better he had held his Tongue) For let your Brother Artist know, Since 'tis Himfelf that nerves my Bow, The promis'd Shaft ere long shall wing, For you've but doubly brac'd the String: In the mean while his dapper Squire, Compos'd of true pacific Fire, May fetch and carry, * blufter, fwear-But all in vain-he hectors Air.

Sent

^{*} This worthy Confident was so nettled at the Author's adhering to his retort Determination, that he declared he would bring any Message whatever from Mr. G.

Sent to a Lady in SUFFOLK, whom the Author had been formerly acquainted with.

IF you retain the least Esteem, And former Friendship (grateful Theme) Is not effac'd by Place or Time, Permit me thus in humble Rhime, To ask your Vote, and Int'rest too, To grace the List of Scribbler U. Inclos'd you have the Fare defign'd, I hope 'twill relish to your Mind; If some Variety can please, And Subjects wrote with daily Eafe, I think, in some Degree at least, You must approve the Medley Feast; And clear I am, with candid Eye, You'll view these first Attempts to fly: In Time, perhaps, (for that speaks Truth) This Muse of mine, but now in Youth, May fet before you something better-Farewell-excuse this hasty Letter.



An EPISTLE,

To a neglectful Correspondent in Town.

YOU give me pause—no Answer yet!

Let's see how long you've been in Debt—
'Tis near two Months—a shameful Date;

But say, why thus reflecting late?

You're like the French, in Treaty wise;

But soon (like them) throw off Disguize;

And break through ev'ry Promise made—

Pray leave to France this shuffling Trade—

The English are of diff'rent Breeding,

Such low Finesse not worth our Heeding.

In future, treat me with Respect,
And lay aside this cool Neglect;
Nor further urge my Lady Muse,
The present Fault she may excuse;
But mark the Terms—without Delay
Dispatch a Line; a single Day
May so provoke her—take the Hint,
Or shortly you'll be chid in Print:
At present, with sincere Regard,
I rest your most pacific Bard.

The Author describes his Subscription Canvass, and takes

Leave of his Friends.

WHEN first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wise,

Defign'd this Trifle for the public Eyes,
Thus fhe refolv'd—Enough of Canvass Routs,—
To treat with equal State both Ins and Outs:
Steel'd with Resolves of this well-temp'd Kind,
I chose this Plan, pre-fraught with equal Mind:
Mark the Result—accept a brief Detail,
Believe me, 'tis a "Round unvarnish'd Tale."

TRICK'D and abus'd by Publishers in Town,

October last to Bath I trip'd me down;

There the Whim seiz'd me, by Subscription Mode,

(Assur'd that it must prove a better Road)

To give these Trisses to the public Eye,

And print 'em here—I've Reasons by the bye—

But should you ask a damning Proof, I quote

The faithful W*B***, of true Coxcomb Note.*

Well, my Proposals first appear'd—let's see— With Specimens affix'd † (some two or three)

Q

About

^{*} Vide p. 84. ____ f In the Bath Paper.

About the Close of bleak October's Reign; Inviting all, who lov'd poetic Strain, To honour with their Names, and best Regard, Th' impartial Scribbler—a mere Mushroom Bard.* Some Days elaps'd—my Books as Maiden-fair, As if they never were expos'd to Air: I heeded not; indeed I gave a Hint, To Friends profess'd, of what I meant to print; But they, kind Souls, thro' Prudence choose to stay; " 'Tis Time enough, when others lead the Way, We'll join the Corps"—as if they meant to fight The Battle o'er; theyr'e doubtless in the right: 'Twas S****** E's Plan: we all allow his Merit; For though he halted, 'twas not Want of Spirit.-At length fome unknown Volunteers began, To patronize this same subscribing Plan: A grateful Public is the best to trust, For prudent Friends are clog'd with Envy's Ruft: How do I laugh to hear these Worthies cry, (Whilft Spleen-struck Fury maddens in their Eye) I wish Success, with all my friendly Heart, And really should be glad to help in Part;

But .---

^{*} The Author has not wrote more than a Year.

But----here the Canker of fuch dirty Souls Sticks in their Throat—a felfish Blank controuls; They cannot, for their Life, declare the Cause; No Need of Words—'tis plain what gives 'em pause. Still my Lift swell'd, in spite of Soul-gall'd Elves, Who hurt not Me—they only flung themselves. And here, with Gratitude for Favours shown, I thank my num'rous Friends in Norfolk's Round: I thank you ALL; perhaps another Year, (If Heav'n fo grant my Life and Health to spare) A fecond Volume of the Medley-kind, May furnish Laughter for the gen'rous Mind: At present, I resign my public State; Why fhould not Scribblers love (as well as Great) To quit the Buftle of --- a Press Refort---Farewell--- for Rest--- I'll hie me to the Count.*

* Of LANDAFF.

FINIS.